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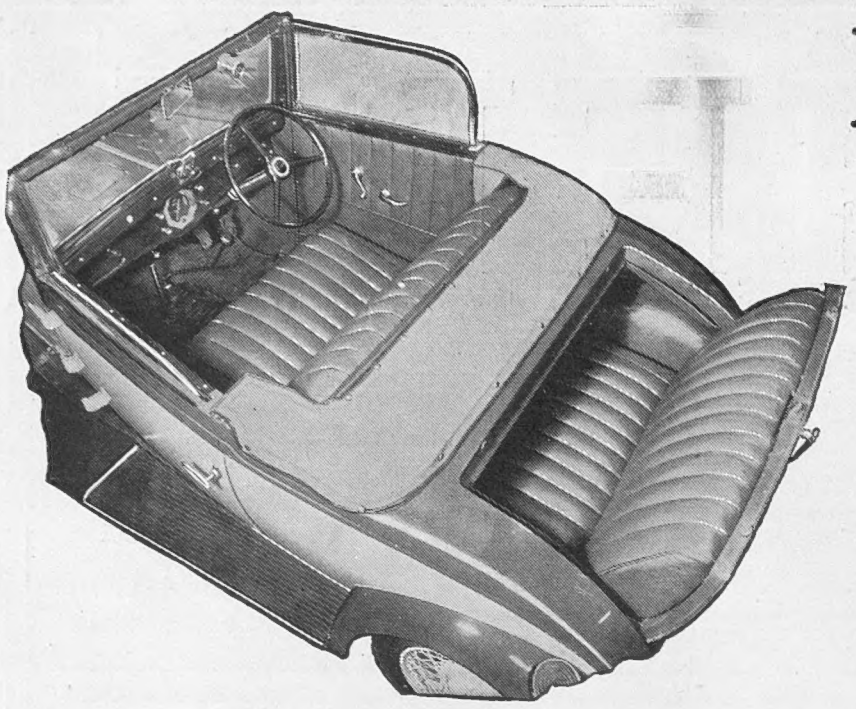

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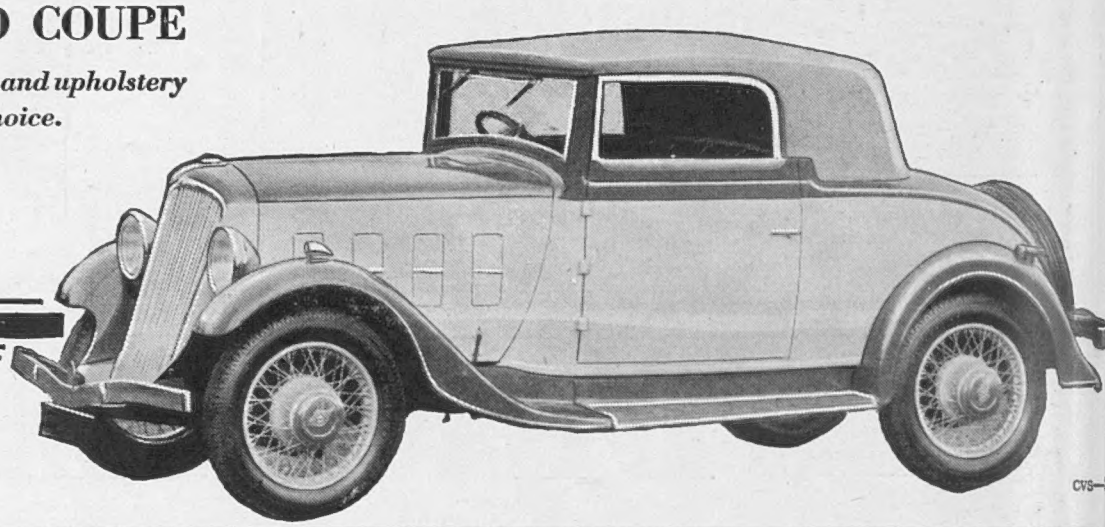

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 17, 1934

PARIS: THE CITY OF TUMULT

A Week of Rioting and Bloodshed Followed by a General Strike and a Vast Communistic and Socialistic Demonstration

The exposure of the Stavisky bond frauds, and the subsequent implication of so many people in high places, created a wave of distrust in France that resulted last week in rioting and a general outcry against the mismanagement of the affairs of the Republic. Royalists and Communists fought each other and the police alternately; a number of people were killed and thousands were injured; omnibuses and newspaper kiosks were overturned; and for several days there were scenes of the wildest disorder throughout the city. With the advent of "a Government of Truce," which includes six former Prime Ministers and is headed by the veteran statesman, M. Doumergue, matters began to quieten down. On Monday, however, the Confédération Générale du Travail called a General Strike and for twenty-four hours the business life of the city was almost completely paralysed. This picture was taken in the Cour de Vincennes, where an immense crowd of Socialists and Communists gathered and moved threateningly towards the Place de la Nation. It was feared for the moment that there would be more rioting, but fortunately the day ended in nothing worse than a spate of oratory directed against the present Republican régime. Many of the demonstrators carried placards, most of which indicted political leaders. (*Further pictures will be found on pages* 224-225)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

DICKENS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT LONDON'S LAST SURVIVING GALLERIED INN: The Dickensian Tabard Players performing scenes from *David Copperfield* in the courtyard of the George Inn, Borough. Part of the building dates from the seventeenth century

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 14, 1934.

A NEW BROOM AND A MAN BEHIND IT.

—All last week the French nation was giving proofs that it can still be moved to action by the intolerable scandal of a system of Government which is utterly unsuited to modern requirements. This system has survived so long because for so long it has on the whole best suited the temperament of the people. But in very truth it has concentrated the privileges of democracy in the hands of a professional and political aristocracy, and such revealed scandals as the Stavisky affair were all that was needed to point this truth in all its nakedness. France to-day cries out for a new broom. Its institutions are revealed as an Augean stable, and only the appointed Heracles remains undiscovered. It is lucky indeed for France that the alternatives of dictatorship are not more advanced and clear cut, and so prepared to seize this God-sent occasion to obtain power on the tide of reaction. But in France the forces of Communism, Fascism, and the Royalists contend and divide opinion. None was ready for the offered chance, albeit nothing is more significant, perhaps as an indication of the growth of Fascism, than the recent increase in the number of Royalist adherents. And the Duc de Guise in Belgium showed his recognition of the fact with a rather unwise proclamation to the faithful. In a word, France is crying out for leadership and sweeping reforms in her social and political system and is united in only one general idea, that leadership and responsibility must no longer remain concentrated in and divided up among a group of professional party politicians who are in a position to pay all too little attention to public opinion.

CINCINNATUS.

—And now Gaston Doumergue, a reluctant Cincinnatus, has torn himself from his retirement and his farm to prevent, if he can, another French revolution. Needless to say, the fickle Paris mob cheered him to the echo, and I have not much doubt he will succeed. Why? Because every one of those contending political parties has looked into the crater and seen the flames flickering within. Professional politics in France have been brought to the verge of extermination and the most self-centred party fighters must, until things quieten down, affect a nationalist outlook in word and deed, even if they do not feel it. Myself, I think the days of this outworn system, once congenial to the temper of the French, is gone for good. As for the mob, I fancy it will give M. Doumergue an even more genuine support, induced by a reaction of mingled relief, shame, and fear of the consequences of further delay in setting the nation's finances and other vital problems in order. The worst is over. But Doumergue, I suspect, is only the stopgap.

"I FACE THE STARS."

—Instances in literature of fiction, not ostensibly written for propaganda purposes, which has had a wide political or social influence are, I suppose, rare. Geoffrey Moss's *I Face the Stars* seems to possess all the attributes necessary to add it to the small and curiously assorted list. Somehow, the efforts of journalists and correspondents are never enough to bring out the living picture of what is going on in a troublous foreign country. It needs the art of the novelist and his created characters to turn descriptions of events and of thought tendencies into realities. It is difficult indeed to read Mr. Moss's strangely moving and intensely interesting story of family life in post-War Germany without feeling strongly, as he must feel, that those who still uphold the revenge clauses of the Versailles Treaty are indeed dooming their own children to death in future wars. One by one, as he reads on, the reader finds explanation, excuse, justification for the hundred features in the life of young Germany which hitherto he has dismissed as stupid, blatant, ridiculous, or truculent. He sees a generation, millions strong, born and bred with a fierce deficiency complex, guided by no traditions, living figuratively in the ruins of a once historic castle, having no example to follow, no objective but the vague objective of liberation to pursue, obsessed with the idea that they are the pariahs of civilization and that every man's hand is against them. Small wonder that the miracle of Hitler's rise and domination came about in such circumstances, small wonder if he found such material as this inflammable tinder for his sparks. The wonder grows, not that Hitler succeeded but that hitherto he has kept his movement within bounds.

A TASK FOR M. MAUROIS.

—And now I wish some inspired writer would help me to comprehend the difficulties and mentality of professional politicians in France, as Mr. Moss has helped me to a more sympathetic understanding of young Germany and the more truculent manifestations of Hitlerism. Well I know there is more in it than meets the eye. The French are (or were until lately) a logical, an efficient, and a merciless nation when intolerable conditions exist in their Government. They have got rid of tyrants, imbeciles in high places, and other obsolescences in quick time and quite ruthlessly on many occasions. No country can vie with them in doing the job thoroughly. Why, then, has their fantastic system of political caucuses so long survived? Why was there long before no cry of "à la lanterne"? Why has not the nation risen as one man to overthrow the barricades which stand between France and sane government, France and established peace, France and a reputation for civilized administration? The answer must be: there are difficulties and extenuations which none but a Frenchman can comprehend. A system as intricate, as slowly evolved, and as cemented as this is into the fabric of national life cannot be overthrown suddenly and cannot be satisfactorily reconditioned. The answer must be that, in so far as it is a system essentially French, the average Frenchman has a sentimental pride in it, very much as the traditional Englishman enjoys, while he curses, the Lord Mayor's Show. But to the foreigner these monkey tricks, these quick-change Cabinets, these new "mixtures as before" are farce and tragedy, tyranny and insanity unworthy of civilized nations. Here, then, is a task for (who better?) M. Maurois. Let him give us a novel having French party politics as its setting and let him help us to sympathize in, if not to understand, what now in our utter ignorance we despise and ridicule.

TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE.

—While Paris continued its orgy of rioting and Cabinet making, London concerned itself with methods of preventing the slaughter of innocent citizens now and hereafter. The two great issues on which public opinion has recently been making itself heard are the strengthening of our Air Force and the making safer of our roads. The latter is in a slightly, but only slightly, more forward state. With regard to our air weakness, Mr. Churchill and his stalwarts are still thundering to deaf ears. The road scandal, however, being daily revealed in all its hideous nakedness, has at last forced a Minister of Transport to creep out a little from the dark avenues of exploration into the light of action. Mr. Stanley has returned with three or four more or less concrete proposals. But we must not build too much upon them. We must recognize that they are purely experimental and that innumberable months must elapse before any of them become general and statutory. Even the pedestrian-crossing item is but a large-scale city experiment, the success of which must await confirmation at some future statistical period. Only one by-pass road is to be used to try out the American "traffic-lane" theory. And the "one-way barrier" is in the same category of experiment. Finally, the decision to experiment with cycle tracks along one selected main road is not yet taken. It is something, but it is not much. Money must be poured out like water, weeks must slip into months, perhaps months into years before the horror is gripped and throttled. Meanwhile . . .

MR. EDEN'S GIFT.

—Once again, in the Disarmament debate, the quality of Mr. Eden has been revealed. In recent years only three of the young

statesmen have stood out against the confused background of politics. They are Mr. Elliot, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Eden. And at the moment Mr. Eden's rise is the most spectacular and the best recognized. Mr. Elliot's reputation as a coming man was first established; Mr. Stanley, in the nature of his office, has yet to reap the fruits of his recent hard thinking and hard work. It is worth examining into the prime cause of Mr. Eden's success. He owes it chiefly to his popularity with the representatives of foreign countries. That is unquestioned. He is a man of good ability, not, I think, of brilliant ability. He has an excellent understanding of his intricate subject or multiplicity of subjects, and that was attained by a fine industry, a real sympathy and understanding of a foreigner's point of view, rare in a British Foreign Minister, and not least by a patience and humility not less rare. But the key to his success lies in the one word "manners," a word which has lost much of its significance since the great days of dignity. It is good to realize that manners still count for much, if not all, in the relations of representatives of European democracies. There is not a representative of a foreign country who has been in close touch with Mr. Eden who will not agree with my statement. Mr. Eden's example and Mr. Eden's success should be taken as a model and as a lesson, not only by European statesmen but by party leaders of every shade of opinion in all countries. Manners makyth man—and statesmen, too.

THE BACK-BENCHERS' GRIEVANCE.

—The complaint of the back benchers voiced last week that they are crowded out in debate by the front benchers is not the less real because it is of long standing. Always there have been in politics too many knights and ex-champions to whom deference must be paid, in the arena, to suit the ambition of those whose spurs are yet to be won. But to-day (anomalously, under a régime of National Government) there is a contributory cause. Swelling the ranks of ex-ministers and privy councillors are the leaders of new parties, official and semi-official, and to deal fairly with all claimants the Speaker's task is well-nigh impossible. If there be one office in the State whose reputation for competence and impartiality has never been questioned in our time it is that of Speaker. We have enjoyed a succession of Speakers of worth, weight, and utter impartiality, of dignity and efficiency, which is a national pride. From Manners-Sutton and Abercromby down to Mr. Whitley and Captain Fitzroy, their names have stood out impregnable in reputation and assured in strength, justice, and good sense. Such men as Peel and Lowther stand out representative of the type. But the grievance has persisted and none has had a harder task than Captain Fitzroy. Where once there were two or three, to-day there are seven or eight official and semi-official "parties," divisions and sub-divisions, of Liberals and of Socialists, not to mention the right wing of Conservatism. And naturally, since they form the party majority in the House, the bulk of the grievance is from the Conservative back benchers. For the ambitious young men of that party, an era of National Government is a disaster to their careers. It is not only a question of opportunity to speak. Their chances of showing their merits in minor Government posts are reduced by something like 50 per cent. There is no remedy for the latter; for the former grievance a remedy exists which would benefit the efficiency of Parliament as well. It is that Ministers and pundits should study economy of words. Ideas are few. Combinations of words innumerable. And ideas are best expressed in fewest words.

"A SORDID RECITAL."

—*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*—not even the B.B.C. authorities. Indeed there are occasions when those pundits appear to become absolutely blind and deaf to common sense, to taste and reason. I cannot say what I feel better than did a correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"I am usually a fairly tolerant wireless listener, but I am moved to protest by the broadcast on Saturday of one of the most sordid and unedifying talks I have ever heard. It was given by a person who was stated to have escaped from the French Foreign Legion. This man coolly related to the British public how he had spent a total of three years in Legion prisons for misdemeanours. He mentioned, among many other unpleasant details, how he ceased to be a drunkard and became an opium addict. The theft of a car was a minor incident in this tale of barbarism."

I agree with every word of it. This feature of the Saturday news bulletin seemed to me the most remarkable example yet given of what the B.B.C. is *not* intended to supply to its very mixed audience.

IMPENDING LIBEL ACTION?

—Drink goes to Lady Astor's head. Need I say (since the "Newsletter" does not enjoy the privilege of the House of Commons) that I refer to the subject of drink and not to the "drink taken." I need not. Everyone knows what Lady Astor feels about the evils of alcohol. It would be interesting, however, to know on how many occasions in the past decade, when the subject of alcohol has been before the House in any form, Lady Astor has been drawn into hasty comments which have created a mild "scene," or which she has been compelled to withdraw. The percentage must be extraordinarily high. I am going to cast no stone. I realize her sincerity, and more than that, I live in a glass house. It is human to err, it is easy to be carried away, and even Homer nods, and old stagers, too. I myself may shortly be compelled to eat my words. Only last week I discover (and make known my discovery before I am pilloried in *Punch* or in the tell-tale catalogue of *This England*) that I shockingly libelled an important section of London Society. Writing of the Y.W.C.A. Exhibition at Chesterfield House I said: "... and those who fancy gold and silver plate of the greatest period *will not come empty away*." I unequivocably withdraw these shocking imputations on so many distinguished art lovers which, I understand, have already given much anxiety and extra expense to those responsible for guarding the treasures at Chesterfield House. It is so very easy to say rather more than you mean.

UNKNOWN LONDON.

—How many people, unconnected with the administration of London, are familiar with the inside of the County Hall, that tremendous monument to the dignity, wealth, and efficiency of the world's greatest capital which Londoners raised across the Thames at the trifling cost of £6,000,000? The place is well worth inspection. It can afford a contemptuous smile as it looks at its sister Parliament House on the other bank. With its marbles, its rare wood panelling, and its superb lighting and ventilation, the Chamber itself can compare with any. Nothing was forgotten (except the fact that words spoken in it are intended to be audible). As for its innumerable committee rooms, in size, dignity, and amenities they have no equals. There are miles and miles of wood-paved corridors, tier upon tier, which echo to the hurrying footsteps of councillors, professional men, teachers, engineers, and a constant population of clerks and stenographers which makes up a staff as large as a big Government Department's. The libraries are perhaps the feature, of all others, which best repays inspection. One on the ground floor houses, *inter alia*, as magnificent a collection of books on London, from the earliest times to the present, as I ever saw. There must be 4,000 volumes on this subject alone. The Educational Library is housed several floors up and it is an exceedingly interesting sight. It is as modern as the science of book-storing can make it, with its metal shelves, and its excellent lighting and ventilation, achieved by its circular shape and subdivisions into book-lined bays, each served by a window and rising tier above tier. I believe some of the best notions are borrowed from Belgium, but the devices are endless; the tilting up of the lower shelves to facilitate reading the book-titles, the exact shelf-pegging system, the diaphanous and yet solid stairways, the central control. The presiding genius is a lady who knows and takes a deserved pride in her care and creation. The books are constantly on the move—it is the fountain of knowledge for London's thousands of teachers—and these books are hardly ever lost. (How unlike a Pall Mall club!) Elsewhere are housed, in enormous showrooms, reproductions of pictures for exhibition in schoolrooms, every conceivable type of children's toys, and the admirable workmanship, in every craft, of unemployed men. But enough . . . this County Hall is an eye-opener. Every Londoner ought to see it. It is a part of his responsibility as a citizen.

COME TO THE FAIR.

—Each year when the B.I.F. comes round I feel it a duty to make reference to it. It is indeed one of the responsibilities of citizenship. For whether we serve behind a counter or periodically keep the server employed in supplying our daily or casual needs, largely on the success of this Fair and similar propaganda we live and have our being. If we cannot secure overseas markets for our goods, we starve. We cannot live by taking in each other's washing. Even if the toll of the road continues unchecked for years, we shall not be able to feed a tithe of our population unless we can exchange manufactured goods for foodstuffs and for raw materials to make those goods. On the success of the Fair depends more immediately a score of vital problems. Employment for unemployed men, for our shipping industry, for our vital industries, such as coal, textile workers, and the like. This Fair is the concern of every sane citizen, and of every shrewd housewife too. She cannot shop economically and efficiently unless she knows what she wants. If she is shrewd she wants those goods which in the long run give best value for her money. In these annual Fairs the thought which above all others cheers us and evokes our admiration is derived from the constant proofs we see of the courage, initiative, and invention of British manufacturers in the face of discouragement, disappointment, and continued hard times. Those qualities are seen in the efficiency of the latest inventions, all tending to greater economy of time and money. That is the housewife's opportunity.

OUTLOOK STORMY.

—Poor Mr. Henderson! Small wonder if his enthusiasm is damped. The greatest pessimist could not have forecast at the time when he assumed his tremendous task as compère of Disarmament that, early or late, such hopeless conditions could face him as face him to-day. The nations, with few exceptions, are utterly unable to lift their eyes from their own individual crises. Seventy-five per cent. of the Governments, whose influence is most vitally needed, are unstable or preoccupied at home to the exclusion of all else. And finally, Europe and the Far East are resounding not only to the cry of havoc and war, but actually to the rattle of machine-guns. What hope can he place on the result of his new effort? What is the dilemma which faces him? Either complete breakdown, or a return to the old diplomacy of balanced power.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE GREYHOUND CHAMPION OF CRUFT'S SHOW: Southball Moonstone, owned by Mr. Hartland Worden, Devonport. In the foreground is the Championship Cup

STORM OVER EU

THE TROUBLE BEGINS: A noisy demonstration outside the Paris Bourse. A handful of police, seen in the middle of the crowd, attempted to move the people on, but with little success

ROAD-MAKING MATERIAL SET ALIGHT: Paris rioters watching a blaze they h created on one of the boulevards

SUCCOURING THE WOUNDED: A scene near the Place de la Concorde after the police had fired on and dispersed a mob of rioters. The disturbances were at their worst in this area

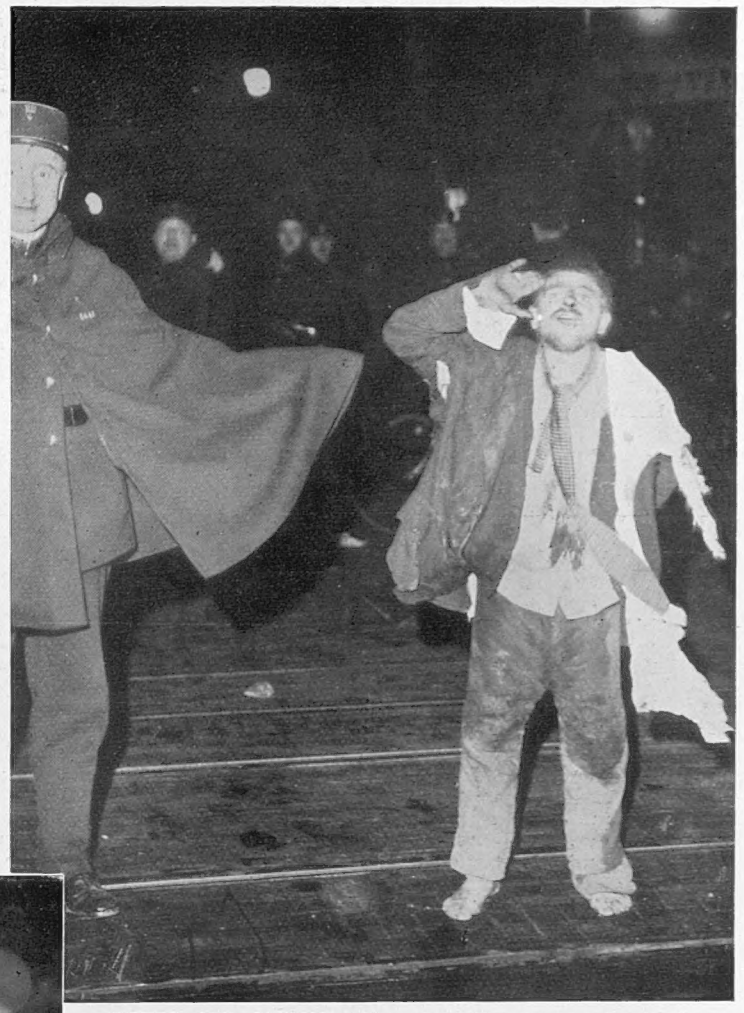
A BARRICADE ERECTED BY COMMUNIST RIOTERS IN THE AVENUE VICTORIA in order t the mounted Gardes Républicaines. In several places the Communists, singing the "Red Fla Chiappe." Many broken heads resulted

COOL IN THE MIDST OF UNREST: Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, addressing a meeting at Innsbruck held in protest against the intervention of the Nazis in Austrian politics. Since then the Chancellor and his colleagues have made a bold attempt to suppress the Socialist party. Fierce fighting in the streets of Vienna followed

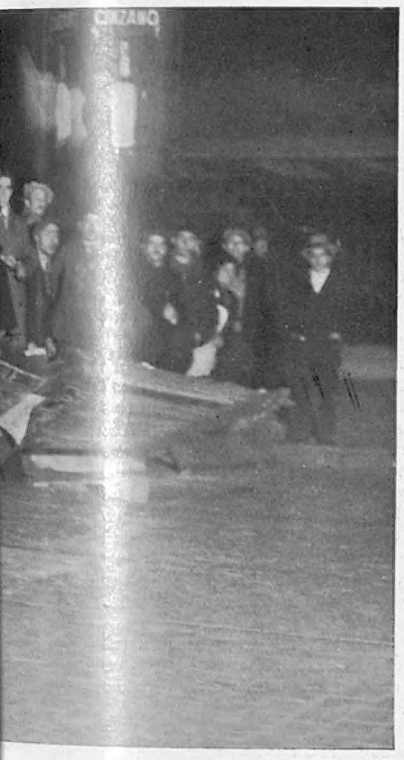
"WE WANT A FREE AND INDEPENDENT AUSTR through Vienna. The determined stand world-wide admiration, but the situa

OPE: Dramatic Pictures of the Recent Riots and Demonstrations in France, Austria, and Spain

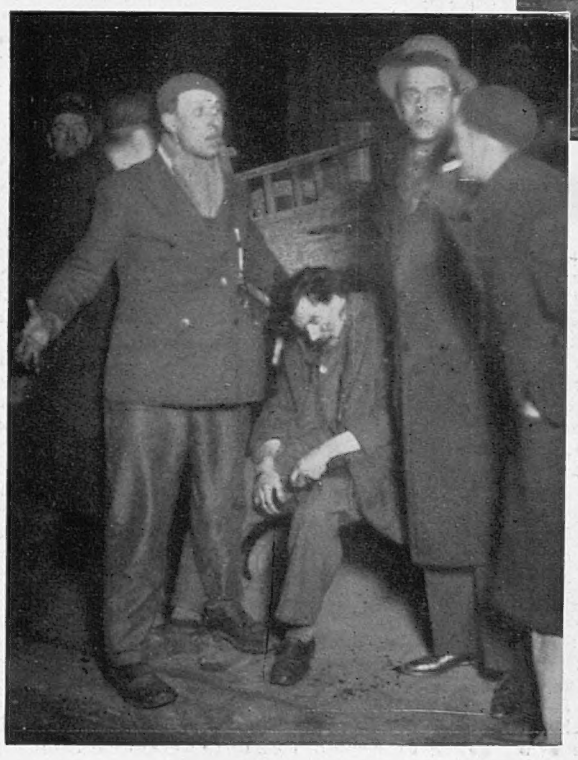
THE BATTLE OF THE BOULEVARDS: This man was wounded during a clash with the police, and, until taken away to hospital, repeatedly screamed "Assassins! Assassins! Assassins!"



RIOTER AND PATRIOT: With his clothes torn to shreds after a fierce encounter, this man staggered through the streets shouting "Vive la France!"



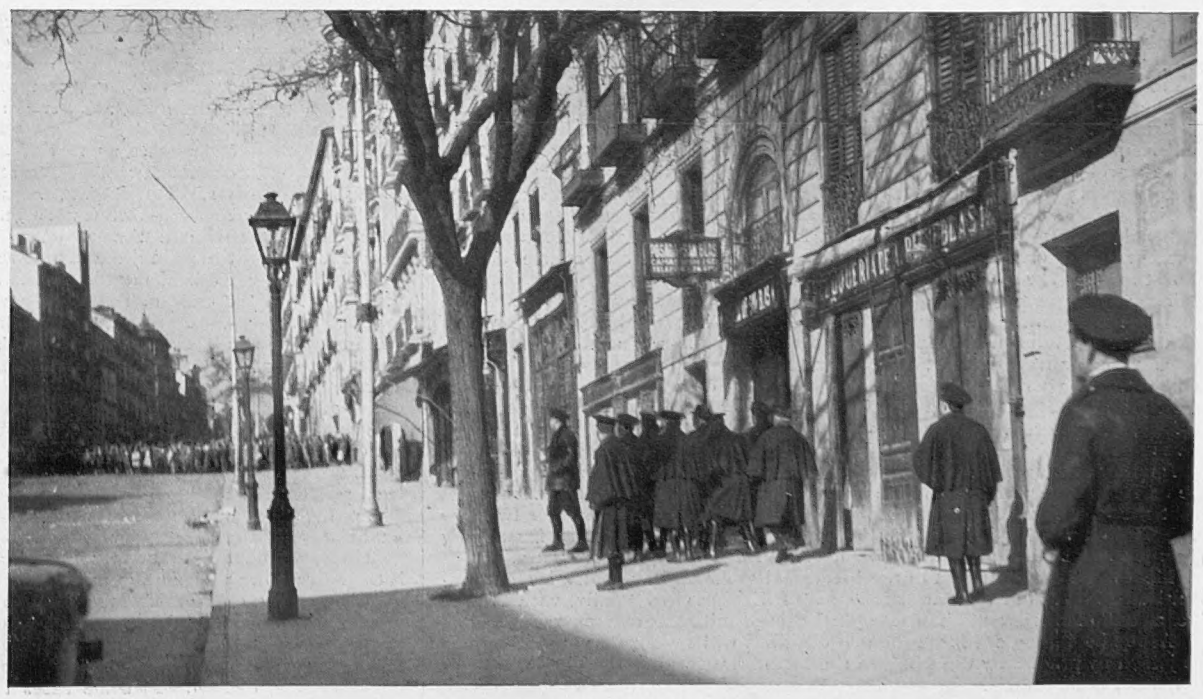
rotect themselves from repeated charges by lashed with the Royalists, shouting "Vive



A WOUNDED RIOTER after a skirmish which followed a mass meeting of Communists in the Place de la République

IN THE WAKE OF THE MOB: Firemen salvaging an omnibus which had been set on fire in the Boulevard Haussmann. Thousands of pounds' worth of needless damage was done

A loyal demonstration of 100,000 peasants passing Dr. Dollfuss has taken against the Nazis has aroused In Austria still remains critical



REVOLUTION THREATENED IN SPAIN: A detachment of police standing ready to meet an advancing crowd of rioters in Madrid, where the present Ministry under Señor Lerroux is threatened by Socialists. Medical students have been particularly active in creating trouble

LEARNING THE ARTS OF WAR: Gun drill on board H.M.S. *Hood* during a spring cruise of the Fleet

THE SPRING CRUISE

The Home Fleet at Exercise

The naval bases are now deserted and the ships of the Home Fleet are away on what My Lords are pleased, in accordance with tradition, to call the spring cruise, although there are only a few of the ships in weather that lends any colour to the name. Nowadays the spring cruise starts in January and ends with March, but formerly it really was what it was called; for in spring, and again in autumn, the dockyards were cleared of all the reserve ships that could be persuaded to steam to sea, manned by a few active service ratings from the picturesque wooden walls that then fulfilled the functions of the present naval barracks ashore, reinforced by middle-aged coastguards who still had to put in their regular sea time under the regulations, and reservists of all sorts, from the smart ratings out of the crack liners to hardy, awkward fishermen from the Shetlands and Hebrides whose English was practically limited to a few words of command.

The spring cruise to-day is very different. The coastguards have been divorced from any association with the Admiralty, and the reserves are not available in large numbers at set seasons. There are very few ships kept in reserve at the home ports, and certainly no men in the depots available to take them to sea. But the spring cruise is one of the few chances that the ships of the Home Fleet, our first line of defence, have nowadays of carrying out any really serious work at sea, only partially trammelled by the Admiralty's call for constant economy. As such it is welcomed by every hand, from the Commander-in-Chief to the youngest boy who has caught the infection of naval keenness.

Nowadays money cannot be spared for the full-scale naval manœuvres which used to be such a feature of the service year and which were attended by the correspondents of all the principal papers. They cost too much, especially in fuel, and there are too few ships in commission to permit them to teach the admirals and captains any strategical lessons worth the while. What can be done has to be done in the cruises, especially the spring cruise.

When both watches had returned from their Christmas leave, and things had shaken down again into the usual routine, the ships, practically all of which were naturally gathered at their home ports for the purpose of giving leave and on which the dockyards had made the most of their opportunity, received the final touches to prepare them for rather more than two months' hard work. It was arranged that they should all leave their home ports at the same time, but it will be remembered that this plan was spoiled by H.M.S. *Nelson*, the Fleet flagship, stranding on a shoal at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, and then being tied up for some time by weather. This was most unfortunate, as every hour of the Fleet's time during a cruise is carefully mapped out beforehand by officers who are acutely conscious of the difficulty of securing training time nowadays. So serious a matter was any dislocation of the time-table that Admiral Sir William Boyle transferred his flag to H.M.S. *Rodney* and put to sea from Plymouth.

One of the great ideas of the spring cruise is to get the men, particularly the younger men, away from the distractions of the home ports in order to devote themselves wholeheartedly to training. If this can be combined with a little useful "showing the flag" work in parts of the Empire that seldom see the White Ensign nowadays, so much the better.

This year the opportunity has been taken to show part of the Navy to the West Indies. British subjects there have always taken an intense interest in the Fleet and they are greatly gratified at the visit of the two biggest battleships in the world—the big aircraft carrier *Furious*, two of the latest fast cruisers, and a division of destroyers. Arrived in West Indian waters the size of the division permits different units to call at different ports and the impression made will last for many years. In West Indian waters also, the Fleet meets the cadets' training cruiser *Frobisher*, which will, as a matter of course, do her utmost to show her smartness beside the Home Fleet.

The voyage across the Atlantic is not wasted by any means. Normally all sorts of exercises would be carried out; on one day the Fleet flagship would be a liner packed with troops that has to be protected, next she is herself limping home after an action, on another she represents a division of battleships to be screened approaching the enemy's fleet, and on a fourth she is something entirely different. These plans have been somewhat clipped by the fact that *Nelson*, after her delay, had to proceed straight to Barbados, but the ships have done what they could.

Another advantage of the Atlantic voyage is that the British Navy has not the oil fuel available to send all new ships on a long ocean cruise—sometimes right round the world, as the French Navy invariably does—and the two new cruisers in the Fleet, *Achilles* and *Leander*, are all the better for a long passage to shake down and to test their various departments thoroughly.

Meanwhile the other part of the Fleet went to Arosa Bay, which is a convenient base to carry out what are known as "P.Z. Exercises" daily, various little "cameos" of what would be the tactical part of full-scale manœuvres.

At the beginning of March the two divisions will rendezvous at sea and will be joined by practically the whole of the Mediterranean Fleet. They will carry out larger scale exercises for just over a week, giving the young ratings at least some idea of what conditions will be like in war time and teaching them to drop into their war stations without any trouble or confusion.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S MODERN BANKING BUILDINGS: The palatial Central Savings Bank on Broadway

BANKING in the U.S.A.

Mr. Roosevelt's Experiments

In considering the unprecedented financial events now occurring in the United States, it is important to bear in mind that the banking system in that country is entirely different from our own.

In England, of course, the banking is monopolized by a few enormous institutions with branches throughout the country. At the head of the system stands the Bank of England, which acts as the bankers' bank. Our financial system, however, is governed largely by unwritten laws and there is no legal obligation for the joint stock banks to keep any funds with our central bank, or, indeed, to have any relations at all with it. But tradition is stronger than legislation, and through the centuries our banking system developed into its present-day impregnable position. We have just passed through one of the greatest financial upheavals in history and our bank depositors, unlike their fellows in many countries abroad, have not lost a single penny.

The present American banking system, however, dates only from 1913, when the Federal Reserve system was introduced.

Previously there had been no such attempt to work the American banking system as a whole. Branch banking was discouraged and there were in existence over 26,000 different banks. Some of these were subject to the Federal laws, and others were subject only to laws of the State in which they were domiciled. As each State has its own particular banking law there was considerable difference between the conditions under which the banks operated.

In 1907 a serious financial crisis occurred in the United States, and as a result there arose a demand that the banking system be improved. After long and searching investigations, during which every other banking system in the world was combed for ideas, the Federal Reserve Act was passed. This Act made very great changes and produced the American banking system of to-day.

The main idea of the Federal Reserve system is to pool the resources of the thousands of banks in order that a reserve may be available for the benefit of the constituent banks. Accordingly the United States have been divided into twelve Federal Reserve districts, at the head of each of which is a Federal Reserve Bank. All National banks (that is, those governed by the Federal Law) are compelled to belong to the Federal Reserve System, while State banks (those operating under State laws) are allowed to join under certain conditions. Banks joining the system are termed "member banks."

A member bank in temporary difficulty is able to borrow from its Federal Reserve Bank. Not all banks, however, are members of the Federal Reserve system. Non-member banks, while free from certain obligations placed on members, do not, of course, enjoy the privileges.

At the end of 1932 there were in the United States 18,390 banks but only 6,816 were members, leaving 11,574 non-members. The 6,816 member banks, however, represented two-thirds of the banking resources of the country, so individually they are, on the average, much more important and powerful than the non-member banks.

Branch banking, as we know it in this country, is still unknown in the United States, as banks are not allowed to open branches outside their own State. Foreign branches, however, are permitted. During recent years there has been a very marked fall in the number of banks operating. In March, 1929, there were 25,341, but, as already stated, in December, 1932, there were 18,390—a fall of 7,000.

This decline was due to some extent to amalgamation between existing institutions but, to a much greater extent, the very large number of bank failures. In 1930 there were 1,352 failures, 2,294 in 1931, and 1,456 in 1932.

The great banking crisis of last spring resulted in the temporary closing of all banks in the United States. The sound ones were allowed to reopen immediately, but there are some thousands that have not yet done so.

The innumerable banks in the United States comprise almost every type of institution. Thousands of them are small, unimportant concerns in obscure towns and villages, but others, whose names are household words, rival in size and importance any banks in the world. The twelve Federal Reserve Banks are under the control of the Federal Reserve Board, of which the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency are ex-officio members. The duties of the board include that of directing and co-ordinating general policy.

Each Federal Reserve Bank is a central bank for its own district, as its relations with its members are comparable with those unofficially existing between the Bank of England and our joint stock banks. They are, subject of course to their legal restrictions, able by their action to control the volume of credit outstanding.

At the moment the position of banking in America, like that of other financial institutions there, is somewhat obscure.

Under the dictatorial powers that have been granted to him, the President is taking very drastic action in many directions.

A new body, called the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with enormous resources, was instituted last spring to grant loans to banks and other public institutions. Latterly the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been buying up shares in a very large number of banks, thereby giving the Government a direct interest therein. In some cases the President even appoints the bank chairman and other officials.

The outcome of this innovation is, at the moment, difficult to see.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Snow and Intense Cold in New York

THE CELEBRATION OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FIFTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK: *Left*—Mrs. James Roosevelt, the mother of the President, arriving for the party given in her son's honour by the people of New York. This is the first time in the history of the United States that America has celebrated the birthday of a living President. Mr. Roosevelt is said to have received over a quarter of a million letters and telegrams of congratulation. *Right*—One of the fifty-two living ornaments which surrounded the birthday cake

A RECORD COLD SPELL IN THE UNITED STATES: Governors Island shrouded in snow with the skyscrapers of New York towering in the background. On Friday morning of last week all records of the New York Weather Bureau, which go back to 1870, were broken, when the temperature dropped to 14.3 deg. Fahrenheit below zero. It has been stated unofficially that it has never been so cold as this in New York since 1780, when the harbour was frozen over

A LAST LOOK ROUND

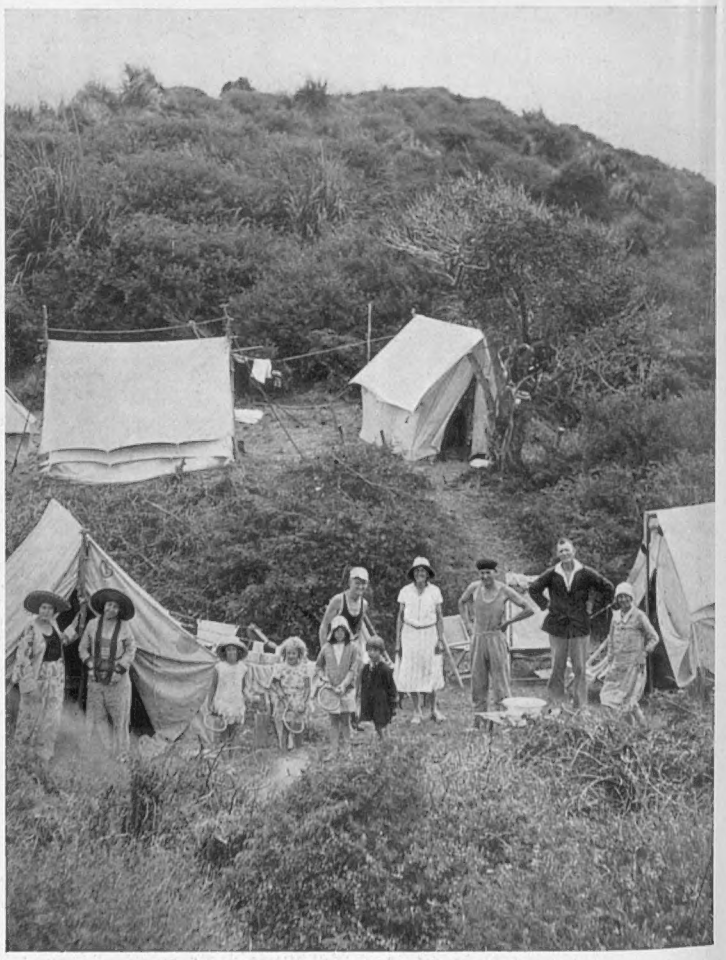
Aftermath in Paris—Christmas in the Antipodes

TROOPS ARRIVING IN PARIS TO TAKE CONTROL DURING LAST MONDAY'S STRIKE: Fortunately the demonstrators were orderly, and there was no need for the exercise of force

MEMBERS OF A PARTY OF TWENTY BRITISH PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS who are now touring India photographed on the steps of the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta

CHRISTMAS DAY IN NEW ZEALAND: Lady Bledisloe, wife of the Governor-General of the Dominion, visiting a Garden Party held in the grounds of a Babies' Home at Wellington

HOW FOUR PARISIAN JOURNALS DESCRIBED THE RIOTS: The most outstanding reports came from the Royalist organ, *L'Action Française*, which bitterly condemned the Government. During the past few weeks it is said to have trebled its circulation on account of the ferocity of its attacks



SUNSHINE AND THE FESTIVE SEASON: Campers enjoying their Christmas holidays near Raumaiti Beach, Wellington

DRAWING WATER AT THE WELL: These delightfully embroidered costumes are worn by the Moravian women even when they are doing their housework

TYPES OF HUNGARY AND MORAVIA

The Picturesque Costumes of an Industrious Peasantry

Right — HUNGARIAN GALA DRESSES worn by three girls of the little town of Mesökövesd, where the people are famed for their artistic embroidery work

CHANGING PARIS

To-day No Longer International, but Intimately French

By CHARLES GRAVES

The Frenchman has always taken his politics more seriously than the Englishman. He is better informed and he likes to argue about it. He has more opportunities. After all, it is easier to lay down the law when you are seated at a café than if you are standing up at the bar of a public-house. And look at all the cafés in Paris.

I have been over there for most of the trouble, and managed to secure close-ups of the "manifestations" in the rue de l'Opéra, the Champs Élysées, and so on. At the start things were more jovial than anything. The crowds were like children out of school. They threw pails of water at the mounted policemen, they put crackers and fireworks under the trams, and they had a grand time throwing the chairs and tables about outside the Café de la Paix. They also enjoyed pulling up the iron gratings round the trees in the boulevards until the police decided to do it first to prevent trouble. They also had a good time driving up and down the Champs Élysées sounding their klaxons after eleven o'clock at night defying the regulations in order to protest against the petrol tax. Some of them joyously discovered a police car with four gendarmes in it, so they followed it in a jeering, hooting phalanx.

As I stood outside my hotel, gendarmes came up to the waiters of the Carlton Bar next door and told them to move all the tables and chairs inside to prevent their being used as missiles. But nothing happened. The first real discomfort one felt was when the taxicab drivers struck. But even this was not too bad. Large numbers of private cars appeared mysteriously on the streets. One suspected that they belonged to rich Parisians who were away in Switzerland or on cruises, and that the chauffeurs were making a bit on the side. One who drove me had an Astrakhan cap and had all the earmarks of a family retainer. When I asked how much he wanted to drive me to the Madeleine, he bowed politely and said he would leave it to monsieur. I gave him 10 francs, and he gave me a courtly bow.

The only reason why the riotous times that Parisians are enjoying so much receive all this attention is that the "manifestations" are taking place in the West End. In Berlin, where I was present two years ago in the real trouble, it all took place in the East End, four miles away from the Unter den Linden. So visitors to the Esplanade and the Adlon would have known nothing about it until they read their next day's newspapers, if they had not noticed that the police were wearing their chin-straps — always a sign of stormy weather in Germany.

To revert to Paris, you notice everywhere an intense distrust of and dislike for the Government. At luncheon, cocktail, and dinner time you are told what grafters and crooks the whole Government has proved itself to be. It is pointed out to you that Stavisky died a poor man despite the millions he embezzled. "Doesn't that prove that it was spent in bribing officials?" your host will inquire triumphantly. And no doubt they are right. Several people have suggested to me that this ought to see the end of the Socialists in France for several years to come. For, unlike our own, of whom so many have become more Tory than the Tories, the French Socialists have not altered their characteristics. "Any chance of a Royalist revival?" you ask, for Léon Daudet has trebled the circulation of *Action Française* in the past three weeks. The answer apparently is that there is no hope of it.

Parisians, at any rate, do not think that the Duc de Guise would make a good King, nor his son, the Duc de Nemours, a good Dauphin. Prince Réné de Bourbon might be a different cup of tea. But in any case, they say, the Frenchman has lost his love of pageantry and a Royal procession up the Champs Élysées would only provoke a series of French raspberries. There is one man, however, who may emerge from the welter even before these words appear in print—a M. Henriot. He is only thirty-three or thirty-four and wears shiny old suits, but is said to be entirely honest as well as a spell-binder. At the moment, all the French want is honesty from their Government. They don't want any of the old hands. They distrust all of them. Only if they could have a Cabinet of business men, with Chiappe to keep them informed about the Socialists, would they be content.

Enough of politics. This was never meant to be a political essay. But the events of the last few days temporarily altered the Parisian landscape, at least on the surface. Yes, Jeff Dickson actually had to call off one of his ice hockey nights at the Palais de Sports, which is serious; and far the most successful play in Paris is about the corrupt side of Big Business. It is by the man who wrote *Le Sexe Faible*, and though the last act does not quite live up to the first three it is a brilliant job of work. In the next day or two, though, I prophesy that Paris will be normal once more. When I say "normal" I do not mean the Paris of even six months ago. It is astonishing how she has changed. On Sunday I walked down the rue de Castiglione at midday. Only one shop was open. Even Sherry's was closed. There is a current joke about the new law that no more cemeteries are to be built inside the bounds of Paris. "But what about the rue de la Paix?" people ask. The hotels are half empty, but at least they are not expensive. To quote a personal experience: The Chambord, which used to have a 125-franc minimum for its bedrooms when this was still equivalent to an English pound, have reduced their rates to 55 francs. This is really cheaper than before, because the 17 per cent. luxury surtax has been scrapped. On the other hand, the prices at the restaurants and boîtes remain the same. So a bill for luncheon which used to be 18s. is now about 30s., and a 30s. bottle of champagne at night is about 50s.

A PARISIAN TYPE: A newsvendor in the Latin Quarter

One of the first impressions you get on a visit to Paris nowadays is the number of posters advocating cruises. And they are proving very popular. Although the French are an agricultural rather than a maritime nation like ourselves, they have taken to the water like ducks, despite the comparative proximity of the Riviera and its casinos.

Yes, Paris has changed a lot. It makes you rub your eyes to see a detachment of the Garde Républicaine with their horses and firemen's helmets in the Place Vendôme. And when I tell you that the great Vionnet herself, Paris's most famous couturière, has decided to close her doors, it makes you wonder what the world is coming to. Nor is hers the only famous dress house about which rumours have started circulating. The French are being caught right and left on the Exchange. Unfortunately for them, and luckily for us, they have not had a Government strong enough to inflate the franc to 120 to the pound with the certainty that it would remain there and not go out still further. The French *rentiers* have never recovered from their experience in 1923 (or was it 1924?), when temporarily the franc went to 250 to the pound, so they refuse to give it another chance. Yet as long as France remains on the gold standard she is going to be compelled to keep squealing.

I will not say that Paris, like the leopard, has changed her spots, because nearly all the old spots are still thriving — Chez Florence, Prunier, Fouquet, Zelli's, Le Bal Tabarin, and Montmartre among them. Others are still doing business at the same old stand under new names. Chantilly, for example, used to be the Boîte aux Matelots. But she has certainly changed her character. As a Parisian said to me last week, Americans are such rare monsters that it is really not fair to tease them.

Another change you notice is in the matter of drink. Champagne is no longer obligatory. The *consommation* at Chez Florence is only 30 francs. And most people drink either sherry-cobblers or whisky. Whisky among the young people is most fashionable, which hurts the champagne kings a good deal.

Meantime the taxes are terrific. Victor has to pay 33¼ per cent. of all his gross takings to the Government. That is far worse even than here. So no wonder he is still longing to return to England, which he had to leave eight years ago.

With the exchange at the moment so much against us, Paris cannot help being expensive. But that does not affect the Frenchman, and all the places are crowded. At Fiacre, a particularly French place, you simply cannot get a table until you have waited twenty minutes, and there is not an inch of floor on which to dance. At Zelli's you pay 10 francs to go in, and you can get a glass of beer for another 8. It, like Le Bal Tabarin, is crammed every night—but always with French people.

M. BONNEFOYE-SIBOUR who has replaced M. Chiappe as Prefect of Police

At the Palais de Sports Jeff Dickson usually gets a crowd of over 14,000 for anything from ice hockey to wrestling. Wrestling is Paris's latest and most popular entertainment. The Palais de Sports has taken as much as £6,500 for a single evening —nearly half as much again as a good prize fight will draw. In the midst of all the earlier "manifestations" the crowds went to the Palais de Sports as if nothing were happening. Ice hockey is another passion with the French, as you will find if you return to Paris after a year or so's absence. They yell like dervishes at the Palais de Sports. An even bigger attraction is figure skating by Sonja Henie. She draws twice as much as a heavy-weight champion.

Yes, in every way Paris is changing. It is intimately French once more instead of being international.

SONJA HENIE, the figure-skating champion of 1934 whom Paris flocks to see

NEWS FROM THE FAR EAST

ORIENTAL INGENUITY: Mr. Tsumeo Sayato, an employee of the Eion Talking Film Laboratory at Ushigome, Tokyo, who has invented a film talkie apparatus which will record sound and take pictures simultaneously on a 16 mm. film. This has never been successfully accomplished before

TOKYO'S NEWEST AND LARGEST CINEMA, which has just been completed to meet the rapidly growing demand for film entertainment. There are now about twenty studios in Japan and nearly 15 00 cinemas. Historical dramas are particularly popular, but a strict censorship debars anything inclined to be risqué. The tramcars seen in the foreground of this picture were specially decorated in honour of the birth of an heir to the throne

TOKYO'S THREE IMPOSING NEW THEATRES which have all been completed during the past twelve months. (1) The Nippon Gekijyo; (2) The Hibuja Gekijyo; (3) The Tokyo Takarazuka Gekijyo

SCHOOLGIRLS WHO WANT SHORTER HOURS: Manchukuo's Assistant Minister of Education (right) receiving the deputation of students which called on him at the Government offices at Hsinking with a request for two hours less work per day. At present they are at school from 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m.

JAPAN'S NEW MINISTER OF WAR: General Sensuro Hayashi, an ardent nationalist and militarist. He is outspoken in his opposition to the Soviet, and until recently has been Inspector-General of Military Education

POSTER ADVERTISING IN SHANGHAI: This prominently displayed bill draws attention to the new model houses which are being erected at Chapei—an area devastated during the recent Sino Japanese War

WHITEHALL IN GEORGE II's DAYS: This charming peep of the northern end of Whitehall is a detail taken from Canaletto's oil painting made in 1746. The reader can find the view in the key picture reproduced below. It is in the upper left-hand portion of the picture between the Banqueting Hall and the old Holbein gate. The roadway is shown crowded with coaches and pedestrians, who, happy folk, are able to stroll across the roadway without fear of death: for heavy wheeled coaches could not achieve any dangerous speed. The statue of Charles I can just be discerned in the background

WHITEHALL IN 1746, from the painting by Giovanni Canaletto; the subject was commissioned by the Duke of Richmond. The artist came to England when Europe was in a disturbed state consequent on the outbreak of the war of the Austrian succession. A part of Montagu House shows on the right, the Banqueting Hall in the centre, and the old Holbein gate, pulled down some dozen years after this picture was painted

The question of preserving the amenities of Whitehall lends interest to these delightful details of Canaletto's wonderful picture of the famous thoroughfare as it appeared in 1746. It was painted for Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and his descendant owns it to-day. In it, Whitehall is shown as a dream-looking place full of painted coaches, fair ladies, and interesting men. The picture was painted from an upper window of Richmond House, and shows on the right a portion of Montagu House, with the famous Banqueting Hall and the Holbein gateway in the middle distance. The central portion of the picture reveals a pleasant open space with large grass plots and pathways which call for saunter-ing. The space was more open then as it is largely

OLD WHITE-HALL

The Charm of Canaletto's Detail—A Dream of Ancient Days

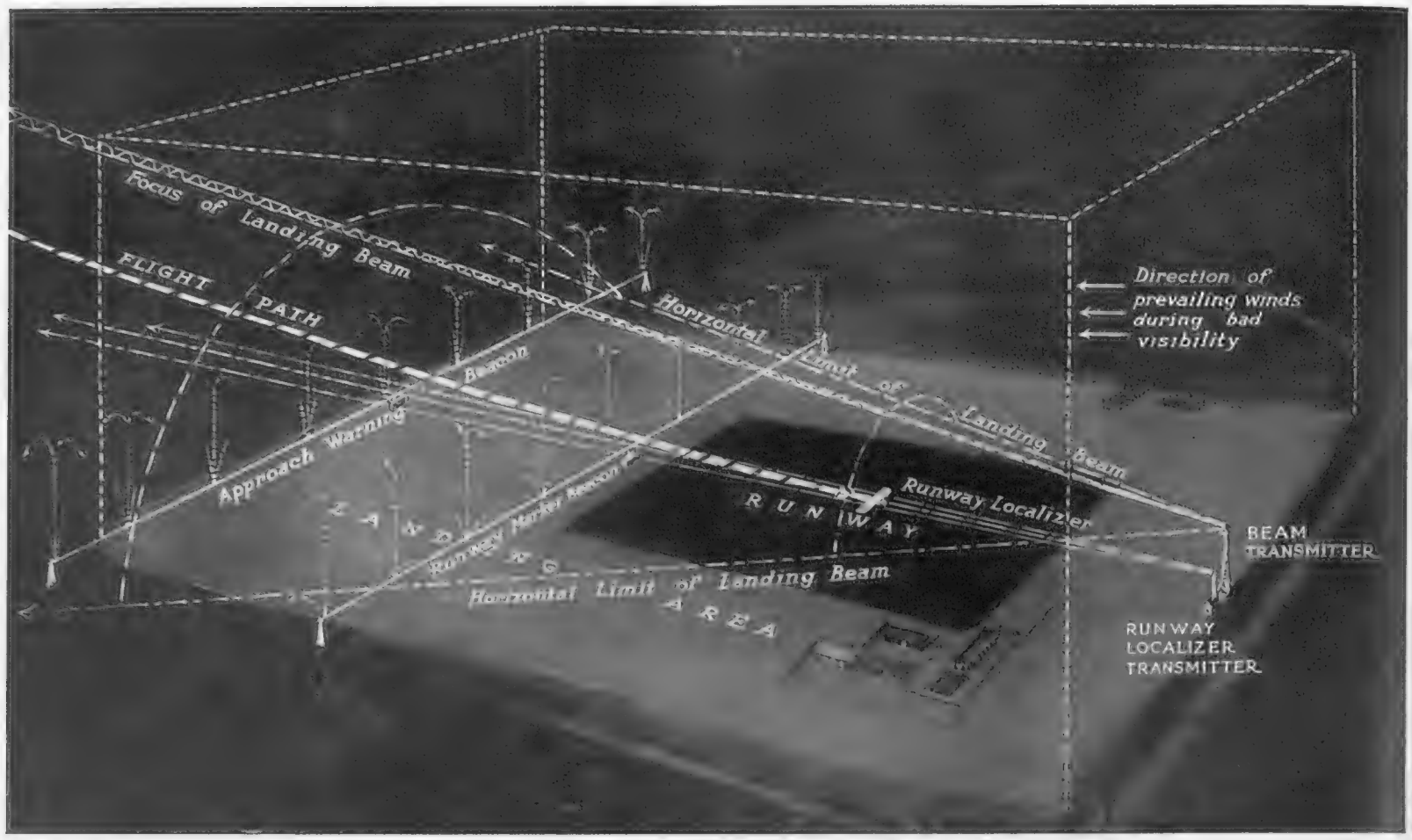
open to-day. What lends such an air of charm to the whole scene is the presence of such delightful folk. Canaletto is known very largely for his architectural virtues; we would here draw attention to the grace and artistry of his figures. Small in size, they are yet painted with great certainty and breadth of touch. The paint seems to have been put on without a second thought. They are living little epitomes of their time. All are interesting, but we have enlarged certain portions so that the reader may judge for himself.

The site of Richmond House is now occupied by Richmond Terrace (built in 1824). It was here that the 3rd Duke of Richmond formed his gallery of casts from the antique and threw open his doors to students of the period; it was the first school of its kind in England. No. 3, Richmond Terrace was early in the nineteenth century, the Whig headquarters, and here friends of the Reform Bill used to meet.

A WIDE-SKIRTED LADY APPROACHING MONTAGU HOUSE, WHITEHALL: Here is one of the cleverly-painted figures with which Canaletto delighted to embellish his pictures. The lady is strutting along with all the consciousness of elegant dress. She is about to pass a cleric who is talking to a friend

CONVEYING A MEAL TO THE COACHMAN'S DOOR: A maid, with cap and an apron of generous dimensions, is waiting while the page raps on the door

TWO FAMILIARS OF THE TOWN discussing the prospect before them. These little figures are characteristically full of action and are put in with great certainty of touch. Another full-skirted lady, wearing the wide-brimmed hat of the period, is sailing away to the right



A WIRELESS SYSTEM FOR GUIDING AIRCRAFT TO THE GROUND IN FOGGY WEATHER: A full description of this ingenious invention, which has been tried out satisfactorily in the United States, will be found in the accompanying article. With this system it has been demonstrated that successful landings can be made even when the pilot is flying absolutely blind

SLIDING DOWN A WIRELESS BEAM

How Pilots can Land in Safety in Spite of Fog

Commercial aviation has for some time now reached a stage of development where fog is the only weather condition which seriously interferes with regular air line operation.

In England, direction-finding wireless, blind-flying instruments, and special lighting of aerodromes have done a great deal to mitigate the difficulties of flying in thick weather. But while blind-flying training and equipment permit aeroplanes to be flown with accuracy and safety at a height above the ground, they do not provide protection against collision with ground obstacles when approaching an aerodrome, nor will they guide a pilot safely to earth under conditions of no visibility.

In the United States attempts to solve this problem have produced a wireless fog-landing system which has successfully enabled pilots to land safely at their aerodromes when landing could not have been attempted by other means with any hope of success. This fog-landing system guides the pilot towards the runway in the right direction for a landing, guides him down to earth at the correct angle to the runway, and on his way down indicates when he is a certain distance from the aerodrome boundary and when he has reached the end of the runway. He is, in fact, led by wireless right down to the ground.

The ground equipment required consists of: (1) a runway localizing beacon throwing its beam along the centre of the runway; (2) the landing beam transmitter radiating a highly localized flat beam over the runway at an angle of about 10 deg. to the ground; (3) an approach warning beacon, a low-powered beacon transmitting a vertical curtain of signals at right angles to and 2,000 ft. from the end of the runway; and (4) a runway marker beacon.

The aeroplane is equipped with two-way wireless telephone equipment. It also has the usual radio beacon receiver used in the States and a special high-frequency receiver for the landing beam. The radio beacon receiver is used for the runway localizer, and with the high-frequency receiver is connected to a combined indicator instrument on the dashboard. This instrument has both a vertical and a horizontal pointer.

The procedure is briefly as follows: The aerodrome runway localizing beacon transmits a beam which is picked up by the pilot's radio beacon receiver which indicates, by means of a vertical pointer on the indicator of the combined instrument, whether the pilot is heading straight for the runway or not. If the vertical pointer is offset to the right the pilot knows that he is too far to the right of the landing runway and the opposite if it is inclined to the left. When the pointer remains vertical he knows that he is "on course."

The aerodrome is also transmitting the landing beam and the pilot switches on his high-frequency receiver. The horizontal pointer of the combined instrument will show the pilot whether he is above or below the correct landing path. The pointer will be inclined above or below the horizontal according to whether the aeroplane is above or below the correct path. To maintain the pointer in its correct horizontal position the pilot must throttle back his engine until the machine is going only slightly faster than normal gliding speed. The correct landing path as shown on the instrument will be along a predetermined curve of uniform signal intensity which is below the landing beam and which is selected in accordance with the aeroplane's landing characteristics. The pilot's job is to keep the two pointers vertical and horizontal respectively and they then form a cross in the middle of the face of the instrument. If he does this correctly he will be flying down the landing beam sent out from the airport and approaching from the right direction.

As he gets nearer to the aerodrome he will hear in the headphones of his two-way wireless set a signal from the approach warning beacon which tells him he is 2,000 ft. from the edge of the aerodrome. A few seconds later he will hear a sharp, distinctive signal from the runway marker beacon as he crosses the edge of the runway; the ground appears, he pulls the control back, and he is on the ground. The description all sounds very simple, but it must be remembered that, apart from the management of the wireless equipment, the pilot has to fly the machine and watch his instruments, and that he is flying absolutely blind and cannot afford to make any mistakes. It has been demonstrated that successful landings can be made absolutely blind and with practice the instruments can be managed without much difficulty. American pilots are enthusiastic as to the possibilities of the system, which has been tried by many well-known flyers.

C. D. Palmer

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY: A high-powered floodlight at the Central Airport, Camden, New Jersey, which enables pilots to land without difficulty at night. It is, of course, only of value in clear weather

FISHING ON SKATES IN THE BALTIC

WHEN THE BALTIC IS FROZEN OVER, the fishermen, wearing skates, go out and cut holes in the ice and submerge their nets in the water. As this picture shows, they afterwards sell their catch to dealers who bargain with them on the ice, and take their purchases to the shore in cases stacked on horse-drawn sledges

SAILING BOATS ON STEEL RUNNERS are used for going out to the fishing grounds. These have to be manœuvred with considerable care when the ice begins to crack during a thaw

HAULING IN THE CATCH: The nets remain in the water for about two hours, during which time the fishermen take it in turns to attract the fish by beating a wooden plank with a mallet. This is the oldest, but still the most popular, form of ice fishing

A YOUNG FISHERMAN with the heavy type of net used in the ice-bound Baltic. When the nets are lowered they are weighted with a heavy stone

THE ONLY WAY THE FISHERMAN CAN EARN A LIVELIHOOD IN WINTER: Another picture showing the nets being hauled in. The holes are seldom more than 2 or 3 ft. in diameter, as otherwise the surface of the ice might be liable to break under the weight of the men and their boat

A TRIBAL WAR DANCE IN A GOLD-MINING CO

A Primitive Exposition of Jazz Movement that Pr to Johannesburg and Exercise and Amusem

AS THE MUSIC FROM THE NATIVE PIANOS GROWS LOUDER those taking part in the dance jump up and down with ever-increasing vigour, at the same time giving vent to their piercing war cries. The muscular fellow in the foreground is probably extremely proud of his derelict hat of European origin

THE WITCH DOCTOR, who is seen on the left, comes out into the centre of the compound during the dance and gives a solo performance in which he works himself into a frenzy of excitement

THE FRENZY OF THE DANCE: A thrilling and panoply of war, stamp up and down in the cent instead of assegais, and much of the fin

WATCHING THE SPORT: The natives belonging to the tribes not taking part watch the dancers with critical interest, for each tribe prides itself on its ability, and vies with the others to provide the visitors with the most thrilling entertainment

NATIVE SPECTATORS crowding round the roped space in the compound in which the dance is taking place. They are wearing Western shirts, belts, and trousers

HIS DANCING DRESS: The native in the centre of this group is wearing a striped football jerse

A WITWATERSRAND OMPOUND

ovides Entertainment for Visitors ent for the Native Workers

AFTER THE DANCE: Natives taking their Sunday lunch in the compound. In the background are their living quarters

colourful sight as the natives, dressed in the centre of the compound. To-day they brandish sticks finery that they wear is of European origin

There are not many countries in the world where the colour and movement of a primitive war dance may be witnessed in comfort in a large city. This, however, is possible in Johannesburg, where, in the compounds of the gold mines, the native dancers enjoy themselves on Sunday mornings and entertain visitors with the thrilling frenzy of their movements. The Prince of Wales, during his visit to South Africa in 1925, witnessed several such dances which were held in his honour, and Prince George, who arrived at the Cape a few days ago, is sure to be entertained in similar fashion. The compounds where the dances take place are attached to each individual mine, and the natives, who come in from the kraals in the hope of earning sufficient money to become independent, live there in comfort but under necessarily stern discipline

A JOHANNESBURG COMPOUND: Native workers in the various Witwatersrand gold mines live in these compounds under the control of a manager and coloured overseers who maintain strict discipline. Their food is free, and, in addition, they receive a wage which enables them at intervals to return to their kraals, and to live for a while on their savings

THE WITCH DOCTOR DOES HIS SOLO: More splendidly clad than the rest of the natives, and rattling a bag of charms, which consist largely of rabbit bones, he leaps about in front of the other dancers uttering shrieks and wails

SEARCHING for GOLD in the HEART of AUSTRALIA

Pictures Taken During an Expedition from Alice Springs to the West Australian Border, Where the Country is Rich in Mineral Wealth but Almost Devoid of Water

IN LITTLE-KNOWN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA: The expedition camped in the neighbourhood of this well, but was unable to find it for some time. Eventually a dingo, which had deserted from an aborigines' camp and which had attached itself to the expedition, sensed the presence of water and ran to the spot

LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION: Mr. Michael Terry on his camel, Dick. Transport difficulties in what is sometimes called "the dead heart of Australia" are very great on account of the lack of roads and water. Camels, however, help to solve the problem and are extensively used in the country beyond the railway terminus at Alice Springs

NICKER, the aboriginal boy who accompanied the expedition, climbing a desert oak where he found a hawk's nest and two young birds

THE HARDSHIPS OF PROSPECTING: During the winter in Central Australia it is usually bitterly cold at night. This sheet of ice was found on top of one of the expedition's cooking pots

AN IMPORTANT FIND: Nicker drilling the sandstone at a spot some 250 miles west of Alice Springs, where the expedition found traces of high-grade potassium nitrate running in veins through the rock. Arrangements are being made for an expert to examine the deposit, as these salts are of immense agricultural and military importance, and hitherto have not been developed commercially in Australia

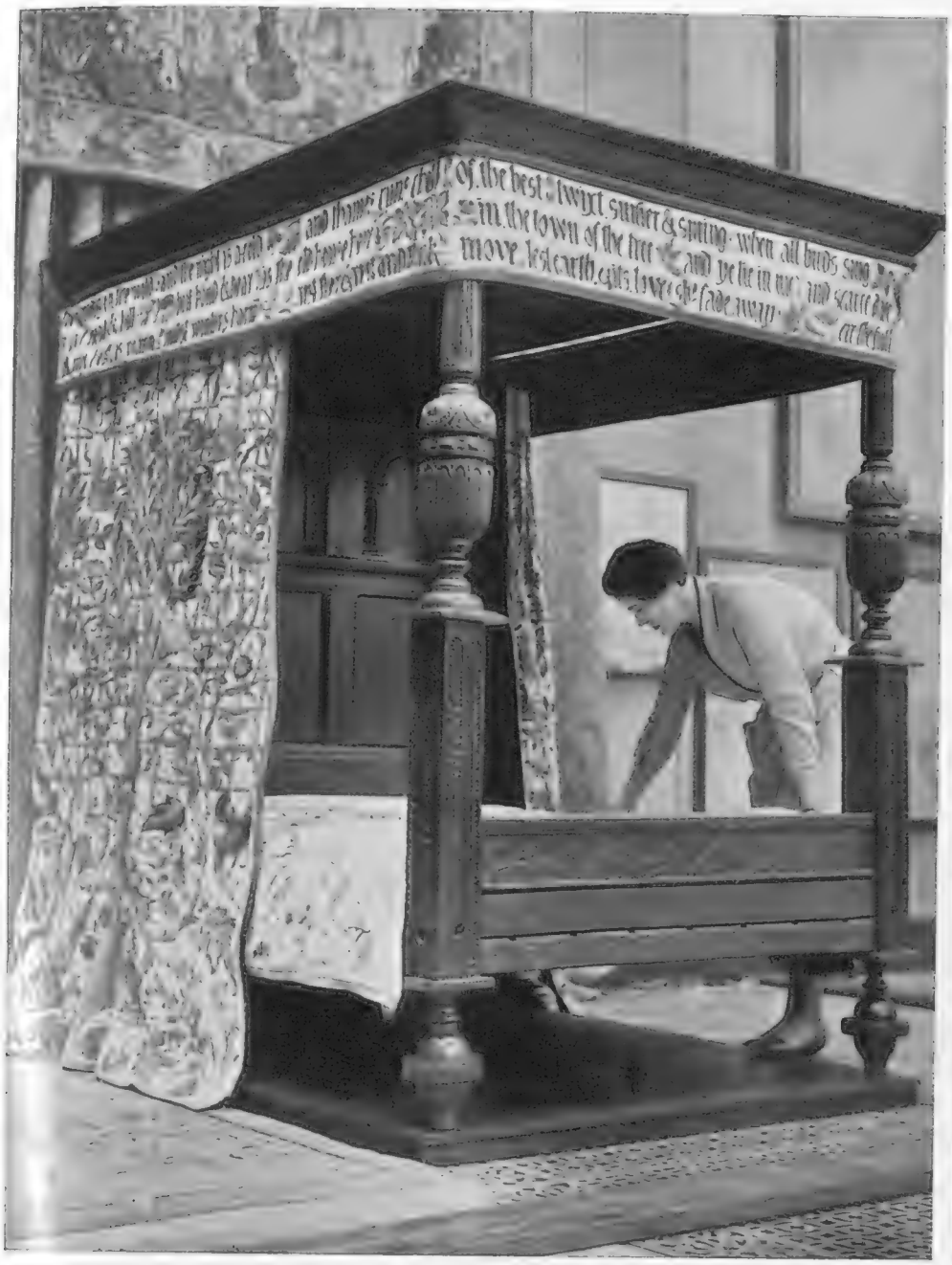
THESE WHITE TOTEM STONES, which no doubt are of immense importance to the aborigines, were found at Mount Singleton, about 300 miles north-west of Alice Springs. They were carefully left alone in order not to anger the "locals"

IN SEARCH OF WEALTH: *Left*—Nicker using a heavy bar to crush ore to powder in an iron vessel, so that its gold content might be separated by the subsequent washing process. *Right*—Another member of the expedition washing the powdered stone

The accompanying pictures, which have been sent to us from Adelaide by Mr. Michael Terry, are of particular interest as comparatively few prospectors make an extensive photographic record of their journeyings. Mr. Terry and his party started out last March from Alice Springs and did a round tour of over 1,200 miles which took them over the State border into Western Australia. During the journey they found Hidden Basin, a sunken area of land containing a variety of interesting scenery and two dry salt lakes. Mr. Terry hoped to discover a southern extension of the Tanami gold belt in this neighbourhood, but unfortunately failed to find any sign of it. The expedition experienced better luck when traces of potassium nitrate were found in the sandstone some 250 miles from Alice Springs, and it is quite probable that this area will eventually be developed. This was Mr. Terry's twelfth journey through Central Australia

METROPOLITAN

The William Morris Exhibition and Other Matters of Current Interest



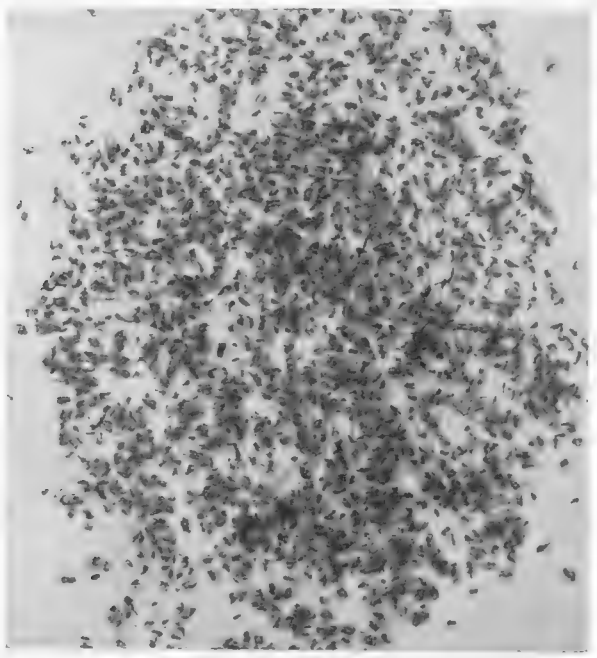
THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM MORRIS is being celebrated by a special exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This picture shows the famous poet's bed, the embroidery of which was designed by him and worked by his wife

CRUFT'S FORTY-SEVENTH DOG SHOW AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL: Miss Thelma Evans with her Welsh corgis, a well-represented breed at the show

A MILITARY MARRIAGE: *Left*—The bridesmaids and pages at the wedding at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Captain Archer F. L. Clive, of the Grenadier Guards, and Miss Penelope Isobel Portman. Included in this group are Miss Mary Clive, Miss Jacqueline Castellani, the Hon. Nancy Allsopp, Lady Elizabeth Murray, Lady Mary Egerton, Miss Hendy Brodie, Miss Primrose Gordon, and Miss Monica Duncan. They wore dresses of apricot-coloured chiffon velvet. *Right*—The bride and bridegroom leaving after the ceremony

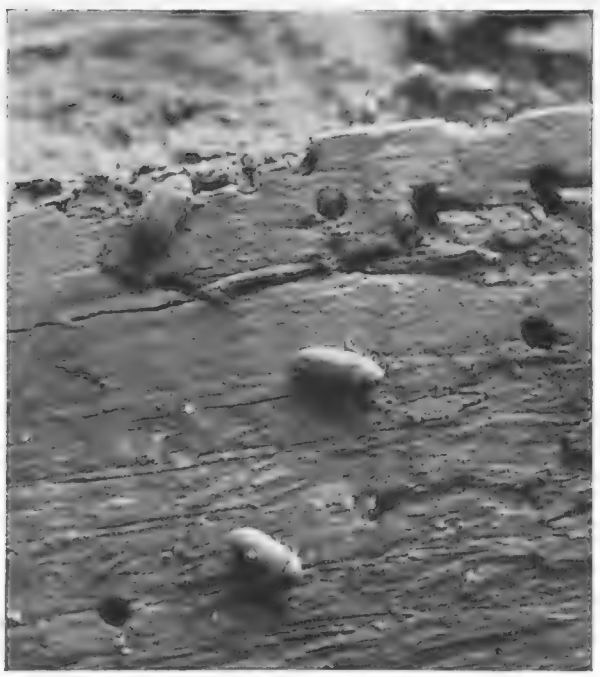
CATCHING FLIES and FIGHTING BEETLES

TRAPPING NIGHT FLYING INSECTS FOR RESEARCH PURPOSES: The trap shown on the left has been designed and built by Dr. C. B. Williams, head of the Rothamstead Experimental Station. Over 100,000 specimens have been caught with this apparatus, and it is expected that research work will reveal many amazing secrets of the insect world. *Right*—Some of the 250 beaded chestnut moths captured automatically by Dr. Williams' trap in one night



A BIG HAUL: Nearly two thousand small two-winged flies of the family Diptera which were automatically caught in the trap. Dr. Williams is an adept at counting these microscopic creatures, which, in this picture, are shown magnified

A MIXED BAG: Included in this catch from the trap are a cockchafer beetle, the grubs of which damage the roots of plants, and a cinnabar moth, the caterpillar of which lives on ragwort. The cinnabar has recently been introduced into New Zealand in an attempt to control the spread of this weed



AN OAK BEAM INFESTED WITH DEATH WATCH BEETLES, the deadliest enemies to the existence of timbered roofs in old churches and halls

AT THE FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH LABORATORY: Searching for death watch beetles under the microscope. *(See note in right-hand column)*

Entomological Research

The importance of entomological research cannot be overestimated, and the work that Dr. C. B. Williams is doing at the Rothamstead Experimental Station is proving of enormous help to agriculture all over the world. Last year the Royal Entomological Society celebrated its centenary and many tributes were paid to the society's successful efforts in checking the depredations of insects. In proof of the value of this work several outstanding successes of recent years may be cited—first the reclamation of 3,000,000 acres of land in Queensland from the prickly pear, and secondly the rescue of the Fijian coconut industry from the ravages of a small purple moth which was doing incalculable damage to the crops. In both cases success was achieved by the employment of a parasitic insect. Another piece of excellent work was achieved in New Zealand, where 750,000 red and brown cinnabar moths were sent to strip the ragwort plants which were rendering large tracts of land useless.

A Pest that Never Sleeps

The death watch beetle, so named because of the curious ticking or rapping noise it makes, is a serious menace to timber in old churches and public buildings. The Forest Products Research Station has been engaged for some time in the study of this pest, and at last has succeeded in breeding this type of beetle in the laboratory. This is an essential step towards the invention of an effective means of eradicating the destroyer.

The theory that the appearance of fungus on timber is an invariable preliminary to death watch beetle invasion has now been confirmed, while further important results have been obtained with the aid of a special radio microphone and receiver. With this it has been possible to hear the grubs feed and bore. It appears that they never sleep and that their activity is ceaseless. The present research is of vital importance, and there is no doubt that when it is successfully completed hundreds of buildings will be given a new lease of life.

CHANGING LONDON

ANOTHER TRAINING SHIP PASSES: Since the removal of the Royal Hospital School from Greenwich to Suffolk, the sixty-two-year-old wooden training ship "Fame" has become unnecessary, and is seen here being broken up to make room for the new museum and garden scheme. This old ship became familiar to thousands of Londoners who visited the Greenwich Naval Pageant last summer

A GRAVEYARD BECOMES A GARDEN: The open space in front of the Savoy Chapel is to be turned into a beautifully laid-out garden, and workmen are now busy moving the gravestones

Left—A large number of houses between Shepherds Market and Piccadilly have been demolished during the past few years. The occupant of Carrington House, once the home of Nelson, defied all efforts to induce him to vacate his premises, however, and it is only during the past few weeks that it has been possible to remove the dilapidated structure. When this picture was taken the roof had been removed, but the occupant had succeeded in defying the elements with a somewhat unsightly tarpaulin

DEMOLISHING AN OLD LONDON LANDMARK: Pulling down Chelsea House, Lowndes Square. Big blocks of flats are to be erected in this area; its dignified residences were built on the site of Spring Garden, mentioned by Pepys

THE GARDE REPUBLICAINE: This mounted body of police is military in character, and links the police with the army. It provides escorts on State occasions and is used in quelling rioting, as in the recent outbreaks in Paris

MAINTAINERS OF LAW AND ORDER IN FRANCE

THE AGENTS DE VILLE: These are the ubiquitous police of Paris, who carry out all the work of traffic control and patrol the streets. They are commonly mistaken for gendarmerie, but are quite distinct from that body. They are maintained by the city

A GENDARME AND AN AGENT DE VILLE: In this recently taken picture—the occasion was the taxicab strike—we see on the left a member of the gendarmerie. This body is called out to deal with strikes and is generally concerned with matters of national import, such as conscription, etc. On the right is an agent de ville who, on an occasion of this kind, works with the gendarmerie

The Functions of the Four Organizations—the Agents de Ville, the Gendarmerie, the Garde Republicaine, and the Sûreté—Described

The organization of the French police services—they have been having a hectic time recently—is completely different from our own metropolitan and county systems.

There are four separate and distinct organizations. These co-operate, but are under different departments.

The City of Paris, like greater London, has its own police force, the agents de ville. This body polices not only Paris itself, but the districts on the outskirts of the city for as far as thirty miles. It is under the Préfecture de la Seine. This body was formerly known as the gardiens de la paix, but is now officially known as the police municipale.

The other three police bodies are national.

La Garde Républicaine is a semi-military body of foot and mounted men controlled by the Ministry of War. This body is responsible for law and order throughout Paris. In addition, the other organization is the gendarmerie, a body which operates all over France. A small town will contain a gendarmerie barracks, which will control the town and its surrounding villages; only the large cities will have, in addition, their own agents de ville. Within this organization is la garde mobile, a body equipped with motor cars and cycles, wireless communications; and so forth.

The fourth leg of this system is the famous Sûreté Générale, which corresponds, roughly, to our own Scotland Yard, but with a nation-wide jurisdiction. The Sûreté is under the control of the Ministry of the Interior.

The men of this branch, known as agents, are plain-clothes men, and their work is entirely criminal investigation proper as distinct from the preservation of order.

The Sûreté has some two thousand agents scattered from one end of France to the other. They are mostly shabby little fellows and their pay is poor. Yet as detectives they are quick-witted, adroit, and resourceful. It was this body that assiduously collected the giant dossiers concerning the Stavisky gang—dossiers with which, it is now said, no action was taken by the higher authorities.

This dossier system has been brought to a pitch of perfection by the Sûreté, more than 200,000 records of criminals being available.

When serious crime occurs, either in the capital or in the provinces, the case is

(Continued on p. 252)

NEWS FROM THE STUDIOS

Pencil Sketches of Three Famous British Film Comedians

HIS FACE IS HIS FORTUNE: The inimitable Ralph Lynn

TOM WALLS THE VERSATILE: He starred in *Turkey Time* with his brilliant partner, Ralph Lynn

JACK HULBERT as he appears in *Jack Ahoy*, his latest picture for Gaumont-British. (The three sketches on this page are the work of Peter Eton)

THE ART OF MAKING UP SCREEN PLAYERS is being taught to students at special classes at Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush. They begin with sketching and wig-making, and later, as this picture shows, go to the Gaumont-British Studios to see the work done by experts

A QUEER CALLING: Adalyn Doyle, the "stand in" for Katharine Hepburn, whose job it is to pose on the set before the taking of a picture so that the camera and sound-recording men can judge where to place their apparatus to the best advantage. This is done to spare Miss Hepburn a great deal of tedious work. Miss Doyle is seen here inspecting an outboard motor during a visit to an engineering works

THE GANGSTER INDICTED IN A NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURE: The kidnapping of children in the United States has been persisting for some time. In the new film, *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen*, in which Dorothea Wieck, who is seen above, plays the title-rôle, the story of one of these outrages is graphically told. The part of the stolen child is played by Baby Le Roy, the young screen prodigy

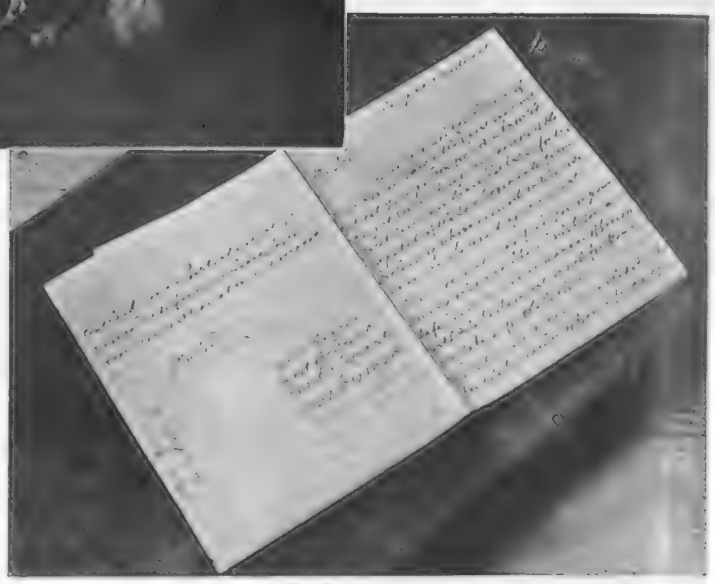
BLENHEIM RECALLED

At the Great Queen Anne Exhibition which is Drawing Hosts of Visitors to Chesterfield House

A DRUM OF THE TIME OF BLENHEIM: It bears the crown and cipher of Queen Anne

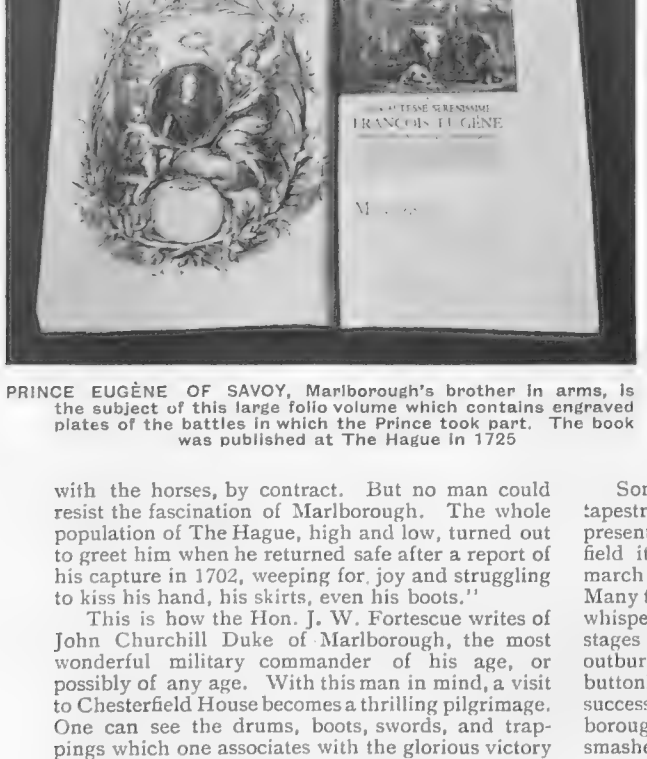
JACK BOOTS as worn by the military commanders of Queen Anne's day

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH SURVEYS THE BATTLEFIELD: In this picture, which has been lent to the Chesterfield House Exhibition by Mr. Winston Churchill, the Duke is shown wearing the great frock coat and inevitable jack boots of the period



WRITTEN IN MARLBOROUGH'S OWN HAND: This letter, dated May 1703, relates to the surrender of Bonn and to the great commander's plans for the campaign in Flanders

"Though no man ever possessed a diviner measure of patience or a more superb control of temper and of language, yet his face, as his chaplain has told us, was of all faces the most telltale of trouble, anxiety and worry. Wellington was known in the army by his title of Douro, but Marlborough was Corporal John, or still more affectionately, the Old Corporal. What feats of marching and fighting he extracted from his army have already been recounted, but the full measure of his ascendency is not realized unless it be remembered that the drivers of the artillery, which surpassed itself in the march to the Danube and to Blenheim, were not regular troops, but provided, together with the horses, by contract. But no man could resist the fascination of Marlborough. The whole population of The Hague, high and low, turned out to greet him when he returned safe after a report of his capture in 1702, weeping for joy and struggling to kiss his hand, his skirts, even his boots."



PRINCE EUGÈNE OF SAVOY, Marlborough's brother in arms, is the subject of this large folio volume which contains engraved plates of the battles in which the Prince took part. The book was published at The Hague in 1725

This is how the Hon. J. W. Fortescue writes of John Churchill Duke of Marlborough, the most wonderful military commander of his age, or possibly of any age. With this man in mind, a visit to Chesterfield House becomes a thrilling pilgrimage. One can see the drums, boots, swords, and trappings which one associates with the glorious victory of Blenheim—glorious as a triumph of friendship as much as a victory of military genius.

"Next must be observed the surprising hold that he had on all ranks of his army. He had the highest opinion of the British soldier, and carried his prejudices for things English so far that he looked upon English horses as well as English men as superior to any other. He understood the Englishman too, recognizing that he must be well fed, and could not "live on nothing like the Germans"; and he worked him very hard, notably in the campaign of Blenheim, when the redcoats had to teach the world, as they did later in the time of Napoleon, that the French are not invincible."

And it was a glorious victory in spite of old Kaspar, sitting before his cottage door with his little Wilhelmine and Peterkin.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he.
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Kaspar may have been unable to tell, but surely Southey might have given as better answer. It is provided in Alison' lines:

"Beyond all question, if a power, animated by the ambition, guided by the fanaticism, and directed by the ability of that of Louis XIV, had gained the ascendancy in Europe, *a universal despotic dominion would have been established over the bodies, a cruel spiritual thraldom over the minds of men.* France and Spain united under Bourbon princes, and in a close family alliance—the empire of Charlemagne with that of Charles V—the power which revoked the Edict of Nantes and perpetrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with that which banished the Moriscoes and established the Inquisition, would have proved irresistible, and beyond example destructive to the best interests of mankind."

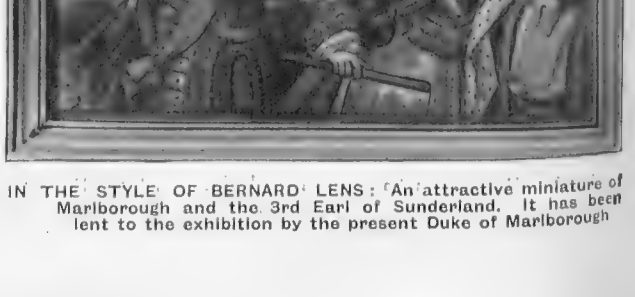
Some magnificent Blenheim battle tapestries, and a chart of all the banners present at the fight, link one with the battlefield itself, reached by that preposterous march from the Meuse to the Danube. Many thought it incredible at the time when whispers of its intent blew abroad. Its stages are immortalized in Uncle Toby's outburst in *Tristram Shandy*, when he buttonholes Corporal Trim and pours out a succession of towns and cities which Marlborough passed, and one which he smashed through to gain the other side of the Danube.

The meeting with Eugène of Savoy, the Blücher of the great fight, and the instant friendship and understanding are irresistibly recalled. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, in his recently published *Blenheim*, tells of that climbing of the church tower where, side by side, Eugène and the Englishman watched the French armies in the distant fields.

While the quartermasters were marking out the site of the camp, and while the columns of white-coated French infantry were moving at leisure over the plain to take up their appointed stations, two telescopes were directed upon the scene from the steeple of Tapfheim Church, five miles away. Marlborough and Eugène had ridden out from Münster to see whether or not the enemy's main army had come out from behind the marshes of Höchstädt, and whether it was in a position where it could, with reasonable hazard, be attacked. What they saw filled them with a sober exaltation, and then and there they formed their great resolve.

And then the day of the battle itself and the waiting while Eugène moves out to the right against the second French army. In the naked fields of reaped stubble sits the Duke lunching. His splendid men are fully under the fierce cannonade—there is no word of any shelter or trenching.

And then the crowning surrender of the packed village of Blenheim. One longs for a battle picture of the two Scottish officers who helped by a little gasconade play of northern imagination to accomplish the surrender of the 12,000 French troops moved up there by the side of the Danube.



IN THE STYLE OF BERNARD LENS: An attractive miniature of Marlborough and the 3rd Earl of Sunderland. It has been lent to the exhibition by the present Duke of Marlborough

THE TRAFFIC PERIL: The Government and the Official Motoring Bodies Make Two Tangible Suggestions — Pedestrian Crossings and Single File Traffic on Curves

Drawn by Norman Howard

A COMPULSORY ONE-LINE TRAFFIC WAY: The diagram shows how traffic, on approaching a curved ascent, would be compelled to tail on in single file

Out of a mass of somewhat vague suggestions and aspirations regarding a better application of the Highway Code, two main suggestions for reducing casualties on the roads have emerged. One concerns pedestrians more directly and the other motorists. Both these suggestions appear likely to be backed up by governmental action.

The Royal Automobile Club considers that crossing-lanes should be provided for pedestrians across all the principal roads and streets in congested areas and that these should be clearly indicated on the road surface. Pedestrians would be required by legislation to use such crossing-lanes, and the responsibility for accidents at such crossings should *prima facie* be on the driver of the vehicle involved.

In the second suggestion it is proposed that on a curved ascent, for instance, traffic should be obliged to enter a lane wherein no cutting-in or passing would be allowed. Passing would be permitted only in the wider areas marked out on the approach to the special one-line section of the roadway.

On left—A PEDESTRIAN CROSSING: It is suggested that pedestrians should be obliged to cross at definite points. We here suggest that such crossings should be boldly indicated by a broad white band edged with pillar-box red

A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE FIRST ACT OF "AFTERWARDS"—Walter Hackett's comedy at the Whitehall Theatre which has recently reached its hundredth performance. Gordon Harker, Ronald Squire, and Marion Lorne, who are running a financially distressed theatrical company, are debating whether or not to accept a mysterious offer of £500 to stage a mock séance in a country house. However, tempted by the offer and overcoming their misgivings, they finally decide to take a chance

"AFTERWARDS": Somewhat the worse for wear after an aeroplane crash, the party arrives for the séance at the St. Leon's house in Sussex and finds solace in the decanter. The subsequent developments provide excellent entertainment which should draw audiences to the Whitehall for some time to come

Dr. Johnson, on being asked his opinion on the immature verse a youth was about to send to the girl of his choice, replied that he found in it "little poetry but much affection."

The converse of this might be applied to Mr. Sean O'Casey's play, *Within the Gates*, with which a new and apparently ambitious management has started its career at the Royalty Theatre. It is a play of much poetry and little affection. If the quality of the poetry is sometimes in doubt, there are no half-measures about the hatred that pervades it. The author has inspected the world and decided that, though God may be in His Heaven, all is not right with it, and he does not seem always to be pleased with the heavenly aspect, for religion comes in for some of the hardest of his knocks. Whether he is hitting religion in the person of an Anglican bishop, Roman Catholic nuns, or the Salvation Army it is difficult to say. He just lashes out everywhere and at everything.

That is a common enough attitude in a precociously intelligent undergraduate who is undergoing his first dose of Bolshevism as an alternative to measles or as an appropriately coloured accompaniment to it. In Mr. O'Casey's case it is a discovery both surprising and disappointing; for here is an author of great gifts, who gave us *Juno and the Paycock* and who has looked on life, even though he may have looked on it through a pair of fanatical spectacles.

PLAYS of TO-DAY

"Within the Gates"—Four Acts of Pretentious Dullness: "The Importance of Being Earnest"—Oscar Wilde's Classic Comedy Successfully Revived: "Marriage Is No Joke"—Some First-rate Acting in an Unsatisfactory Play

By PHILIP PAGE

The fanatical dramatist may have his place in the theatre provided his fanaticism is interesting and capable of being put to dramatic account. Nothing of the sort has happened here. *Within the Gates* is one of the most completely boring plays I have ever seen. Masses of ideas bubble up from the simple little melodrama that is its core. Allegory, symbolism, politics, the gold-standard, the space-time theory, prostitution, war—all these are touched upon, and much more. Whether one agrees with the author's views or whether one finds them exasperating is beside the point. I would even have welcomed some exasperation. I would have welcomed almost anything as a relief from four acts of pretentious dullness. And when a dyed-in-the-wool intellectual is dull, ye gods, how dull he can be! Pelion piled on Ossa, Bloomsbury piled on Chelsea—what mountains of unmitigated tedium are here!

Within the Gates (which here means within the gates of Hyde Park, not Heaven) deals mainly with the adventures of a rather pretty girl, Jannice, who is described in the *dramatis personæ* as The Young Whore—blunt, brutal, to-hell-with-convention, shock-the-b——y bourgeoisie stuff. Jannice is difficult, as she applies for sympathy when people are rude to her and unsympathetic, and is usually rude to them when they try to be kind to her. She has a weak heart, and not, I suspect, the strongest of brains.

The Dreamer, a mooning young man, rather attracts her and is able to whisk her away with him like Faust under the cloak of Mephistopheles, whenever her soul is being saved. They waltz off the stage together during a Salvation Army sermon, and when the poor girl is in the last stages of heart-disease, with a bishop and a crowd of unemployed singing Irish melodies in the background, the Dreamer tells her to dance again, which she does—and dies, as he murmurs, "God will find room for one scarlet blossom among His thousand white lilies." That is a poetical line, if its imagery is not startlingly original. But we had travelled a weary distance to reach it.

I do not wish to be unfairly flippant about a work into which the author has put much thought, muddled thought though most of it is. But he is himself flippant at times. He makes silly little jokes about Mr. Winston Churchill—not, of course, a sacrosanct figure, but as a butt left alone years ago by even music-hall comedians. He makes rather nasty little jokes, too, about the wind blowing up nursemaids' skirts and the silk-stockinged legs of the Y.W., who in the same speech remarks "*Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.*" Truly a remarkable Y.W.

His poetry and his fervidly indignant prose are mingled with a realism gone wrong. Cockneys simply don't talk to each other as Mr. O'Casey makes them talk. I do not know what the gardeners in Phœnix Park sing, but I do know that no gardener in Hyde Park ever sang—

> "Let the pray'r-busy bishop a-kneel in his stall
> Drone deep in measured liturgical drawl"

and so on. If this is a painting of "stark life" I don't think much of it. If it is intended as some subtle allegory I think still less of it.

The production is simple and effective and the many difficulties have been admirably overcome. Not the least of these had been tackled by Mr. Herbert Hughes, who has set some Irish tunes and some good ones of his own to the author's curious lyrics. Mr. Hughes has worked with skill, and it is not his fault that the musical portion suggested a nightmare revue.

Some of the casting was not quite happy, but Miss Marjorie Mars grappled nobly and successfully with the part of Jannice. Miss Marie Ault gave a grim sketch of her common drunken mother, who says to the bishop "Hush you, and go home, with your ora pro pugeree mugeree rigmarolism!" Strange Hyde Park! Strange, strange Mr. O'Casey!

"The Importance of Being Earnest."—It is thirty-nine years since Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* first made Lot don laugh. That may not be a long life for a rollicking farce of the *Charley's Aunt* or *The Private Secretary* type, but it is a considerable time for a farce of wit, depending on what is said (and how it is said) rather than on what is done, to hold its own.

This piece is in the curious position of having at one time shown signs of dating, yet of having emerged from the cloud to recapture its place in the sun. I remember one or two revivals which did not seem very happy. At the Old Vic it now goes with a lovely swing again, though the production is not impeccable and one or two performances are examples of just how not to do it. Since *The Importance* is thus re-established, there is no reason why it cannot now be counted as a classic comedy, with all the virtues of the comedies of Sheridan which, in fact, it possesses.

But it is not so far distant in time as to make its period costumes either picturesque or particularly interesting. The wigs and patches of *The School for Scandal* are beautiful to look at in themselves, and that play is inconceivable without them—at least I prefer not so to think of it, though a Cubist revival with geometrical scenery is at least a possibility. Wilde, however, is as much of a modern as Maugham or Lonsdale, and should be played in modern costumes. Those of the 'nineties are not "period" so much as *demodé*; they give an impression not of beauty, nor even of quaintness. They are merely a little shabby, and when they do raise a smile it is of the same type as that evoked by the thirty-year-old photographs in that amusing American magazine, *Ballyhoo*.

That is not the sort of smile for Wilde. There is nothing grotesque about any of his plays, and by far the worst performance in this revival is that of Miss Elsa Lanchester as Miss Prism, simply because she aimed at grotesqueness and, unfortunately, achieved it. Miss Lanchester has any amount of brains and has recently treated us to an exquisite performance as Ariel, by far the best Ariel I have ever seen in by far the most irritating revival of *The Tempest*. Miss Prism is a quiet, rather dried-up little person, but quite human; how Miss Lanchester came to make her the sort of character portrayed on the music-hall stage by Miss Nellie Wallace, with quite uncalled-for

touches of the macabre in addition, I cannot imagine.

Possibly for this and certain other faults the producer was responsible. If so, another mystery to me is that Mr. Alan Aynsworth, who saw the launching of this revival from the stalls of the Old Vic, was not consulted or invited to supervise everything. Mr. Aynsworth is a producer as well as an actor of distinction, and he was a member of the original cast at the St. James's in 1895.

If I have elaborated this point at some length it is because there is a tendency to regard the masterpieces of yesterday as something to "guy," be it ever so gently. It is far wiser to let a play like *The Importance of Being Earnest* be funny on its own account than to regard it as something of a curiosity and to hang on to it extraneous funniments which simply do not fit.

The revival, however, is on the whole excellent. The company obviously enjoy themselves, and so do the audience—which is much more important. Mr. Charles Laughton played Dr. Chasuble, quite a small part. He made this parson extremely amusing, which was Wilde's intention; he also made him extremely sinister, which I am pretty certain was not in Wilde's mind at all. Can Mr. Laughton, brilliant fellow though he is, help being sinister? If not, that strong personality is likely to be a handicap as well as an asset. I recall that even Mr. Pickwick suggested, at any rate to me, that he would have put Sam Weller to death in some Chinese fashion, and mingled powdered glass with the Christmas pudding at Dingley D

Miss Ursula Jeans's Cecily was a vastly pret performance exactly in the right l v. Miss Athene Seyler was a shad over-emphatic as Lady Bracknell—is it possible to speak *too* distinctly c the stage? I think it is—but ric y comic. Miss Flora Robson as Gwendolen was rather below the Robsonian average, but it is really no much of a part. Mr. George Cur n's Algernon was better than Mr. R ger Livesey's Worthing, mainly bec se Mr. Livesey was not happily cast.

"Marriage is no Joke."—

Whether or no marriage is no joke—which has as familiar a ring about it as the observation that women are strange creatures—it is certain that Dr. Bridie's latest play is, or was, no joke. It came off last week after a run of only a few days. It is as depressing to see a good play go wrong as to see a good man go wrong. I do not think Dr. Bridie, with his gift for pungent dialogue and for interesting characterization, could ever write a downright bad play. But in *Marriage is no Joke* he wrote an unsatisfactory one because he let it down in the middle with some clumsy elaborations which stifled a growing interest and any chances of success.

We were getting to know and to like John MacGregor, Scotch parson, and his Barrie-ish, helpful, charming companion, Priscilla, until we suddenly found John somewhere in Central Asia with a preposterous Russian siren. The dreadful blight of attempted fantasy, reminiscent of Shavianism at its worst, descended on the play and a good last act could not dispel it. A pity.

I would suggest that Dr. Bridie does a little quiet surgeon's work, painlessly extracting the centre portion of *Marriage is no Joke*, grafting on something better, sewing it up neatly, altering the names of the characters and the title of the play, and presenting the whole in a couple of years' time as something new. It would be worth the trouble.

There was some first-rate acting by Mr. Ralph Richardson and Miss Sophie Stewart.

THE STAGE IN ELIZABETHAN DAYS—FIVE SCENES FROM "SPRING 1600": The life of Richard Burbage's theatrical company is the theme of this play of singular charm by Emlyn Williams, which is now running at the Shaftesbury. *Above*—The stage of the Globe Theatre on Bankside, London

ANOTHER VIOLA: To escape an unwelcome marriage, Ann Byrd (Joyce Bland) disguises herself as a boy and offers her services to Burbage as a player of female parts. *Left*—Ann and one of her country lovers (Ellis Irving). *Right*—Ann and Richard Burbage (Ian Hunter), with whom she falls desperately in love

WOMAN TO WOMAN: Isabel Jeans (centre) as Lady Coperario, a beauty of the town who leads Burbage astray, and Margaret Webster (right) as Mrs. Burbage; Anthony Bruce on left

FOUR OF THE NIMBLE PLAYERS: On the left is Ned Pope (Frank Pettingell), who plays the Shakespearean woman with rare skill, with H. O. Nicholson, Scott Russell, and Lawrence Baskcomb

ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE ORDER IN AUSTRIA: Major Fey, the Vice-Chancellor, who is in charge of the Government forces which have been fighting the Socialists in Vienna and the Provinces. This week he instructed all commanding officers "to use every means at their disposal to beat down resistance ruthlessly and without regard for material damage caused"

GUESTS AT THE RUSKIN SOCIETY DINNER AT DARTMOUTH HOUSE: Left to right—Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse (president), Lord Noel Buxton, Sir William Rothenstein, and Mr. Eric Gill. Dean Inge, who was the principal speaker, said "that Ruskin was a true-blue Tory Socialist, as Plato was before him. Ruskin's system of moral discipline and the best things he said and wrote could never be out of date. In spite of his violence he was a genuine prophet"

"SHE MOVES A GODDESS AND SHE LOOKS A QUEEN": Miss Primrose Salt who is to play "Helen of Troy" in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's forthcoming production. With her are (left) Mr. Giles Isham, the producer, and (right) Mr. Felix Felton, president of the O.U.D.S.

ATTRIBUTED TO BRONZINO: This portrait, which belongs to the valuable Loeser Collection, is believed to represent the Florentine poetess, Laura Battiferri

THE LOESER COLLECTION

Important Renaissance Works of Art Now on Exhibition in Florence

One of the most important private collections of Renaissance works of art was that formerly in the possession of the American collector, Mr. Charles A. Loeser. Mr. Loeser died in 1928 and bequeathed a valuable selection of his treasures to the commune of Florence on condition that, for a period of at least twenty-five years, the collection be used to adorn a set of apartments in the Palazzo Vecchio which were to be fitted up in the manner of the Renaissance period appropriate to the specimens.

The condition was accepted by the Florentine commune, with the consent of the Government of Italy, and the collection, which has just been made available to the public, has been established in four rooms on the *mezzanino* of the Palazzo Vecchio, once the apartment allotted to Maria Salviati on the gift of the Duchy of Florence to her son, Cosimo de' Medici, 1536. It was afterwards occupied by the brothers of Cosimo's Duchess, the beautiful Eleonora di Toledo. In the nineteenth century this part of the palazzo was turned into public offices, and gradually the historic and artistic features of the apartment were obliterated. In 1931, careful restorations revealed many unsuspected frescoes, paintings, and sculptures, and quite recently, when preparing the rooms for the Loeser Collection, the original staircase of the Palazzo Vecchio, leading to the apartments of the friars, was discovered. The collection, itself of remarkable importance, becomes doubly interesting by reason of the surroundings allotted to it.

The Loeser Collection includes paintings, statues, terra-cotta and wax models, and many of the objects are not only supreme examples of some of the greatest of the Renaissance artists, but are of peculiar interest as portraits. There is, for example, a charming portrait attributed to Bronzino (1502–1572) which, though catalogued simply as "Ritratto di Gentildonna," is considered to be the portrait of the poetess, Laura Battiferri, who, born at Urbino in 1523, married Ammannati, the famous Florentine architect and sculptor, in 1550. There is an air of quiet intelligence about the portrait, which seems singularly to convey the atmosphere of the period.

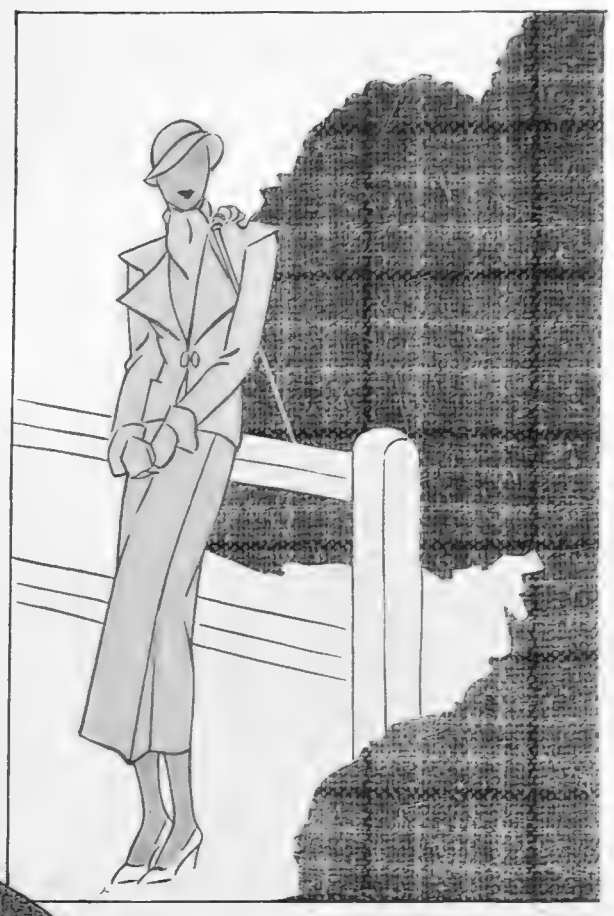
There is a lovely little marble statuette of the Infant St. John. Researches made by Mr. Loeser caused him to attribute this perfect example of Renaissance work to Michelangelo, whom Vasari mentions as the author of such a work which has been regarded as lost. The attribution is not generally accepted, but further researches are now being made into this and other doubtful examples in the collection, so perhaps we shall know one day. Whoever the artist may have been, to put so much expression and liveliness into this piece of marble he was a true Renaissance genius. There is also some doubt about an exquisite wax statuette, the allegorical figure of a youth, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini.

Commendatore Alfredo Lensi, Director of the Office of Fine Arts, who is responsible for the clearing of the Maria Salviati apartment and the arrangement of the Loeser Collection, assured me that most of the catalogued attributions left little room for doubt. Among these is a lovely terra-cotta Madonna by Donatello, and another by his pupil, Michelozzo. The two vigorous terra-cotta groups of soldiers fighting are attributed to Giovanni Francesco Rustici, the author of the bronze group above the north door of the baptistery; and a beautiful work, full of power and authenticity, is a bronze anatomical model of a horse. Commendatore Lensi attributes it, for the moment, to Leonardo. Both Verrochio and Donatello have also been suggested. In looking upon this horse one wonders how on earth it can keep still.

R. E.

A FABRIC FORECAST for the SPRING

Clothes That Will Retain Their Shape



Clear fresh colours and intricate weaves are the main points of the woollen fabrics from which our new spring clothes will be made. Patterns (with the exception of checks and plaids for tweeds) in the sense of designs worked out in contrasting shades are comparatively rare, but much importance is attached to woven self-motifs, usually worked out in a slightly heavier thread than the crêpe like background.

The chief note is the preponderance of lightweight crêpe wool fabrics with the lightest possible frosting on the surface. This breaks the solid tone value in the subtlest possible manner.

Single-thread stripes with an occasional knot in a darker shade, giving a tiny spot effect (as is shown in the material used for the verge and tree trunks in the centre picture) or with small spots interwoven with tinsel threads, will be allied with plain matching fabrics.

Fabrics interwoven with elastic head the list of novelties for the season. It is claimed that they will never lose their shape and that they will automatically cause clothes to fit perfectly. The tiny threads of elastic are covered with wool, silk, or cotton, according to the type of material that is being made, and in no way alter its appearance.

Lesur is sponsoring a range of fabrics called Arabics. They are made of linen and cotton, all cotton, or cotton and animal hair. Very soft and spongy to handle, they are not unlike bath towels in weave. Marshall and Snelgrove have a most interesting collection of Arabics.

An evening novelty is a glazed, chintz-like, artificial silk fabric with a puckered surface. Riotously coloured, and freely patterned with large massed flowers, it is called Fleur des Bles, and may be seen at Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge.

After a winter of berry shades we are being offered fruit-patterned silks. Tiny berries stand out against dark or neutral tinted backgrounds; red and black currants are clustered together, with wide spaces between, on pastel-coloured grounds. Some of the vivid flower designs are so lovely that they would transform the simplest frock into an exciting model.

Always these new printed crêpe de chines give an impression of open clearness. There is no confusion in the designs, and though colour is frequently used lavishly it is always definite and invariably well contrasted.

At the head of this page, on the left, is one of the Arabics which have been mentioned. It is shown in the tree, and is made of all cotton in a natural and beige check design. It would tailor well for spring and summer suits, and for the loose coolie coats which are going to be so useful and so fashionable, and would be ideal for cruising and for wear by the sea. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

On the right is a lightweight tweed with a hairy surface. It is 54 inches wide, and costs 15s. 9d. a yard. The colourings are excellent, and there is a plain tweed to match in each shade. They come from Harvey Nichols.

The foliage of the trees in the lower panel shows Meyers' novelty crêpe with a broken diagonal stripe woven in a fancy stitch. It is made in exquisite pastel colours, is 52 inches wide, and costs 18s. 9d. a yard at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge.

There is a marked feeling for coats and dresses in the same colour but in differently woven fabrics. At the same time, when contrasts are used there will be no difficulty in blending the colours effectively, for ranges are being made in series of two or three fabrics which can be used separately or together. There is a feeling for three-coloured suits, many of which are shown in the spring collections. The skirt is made in one shade, the jacket in another, and the jumper in a third, which strike a note of vivid contrast, all three tones being combined in the scarf.

THE ROYAL CASTLE IN WARSAW and the monument (right) to King Sigismund III, elected King of Poland in 1587. He was the first monarch of the Vasa period and was very anti-protestant

WARSAW

The Heart of Poland

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

Seen from across the River Vistula, on the left bank of which it stands, rising in terraces on the hillside from the water's edge, Warsaw, with its noble buildings, many weathered with age and very picturesque in style, is indeed a beautiful city, and one can understand and appreciate the love of the Polish people for their capital, more especially when one remembers Warsaw's stirring history, and the part it has played as the centre in which Polish thought of freedom and regeneration was kept alive in the dark days of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian domination. And as Warsaw was then the very "heart" of Poland, so it is now, and it is enshrined in the hearts of every Polish man and woman.

It was here when the great patriot Kosciuszko raised the standard of revolt in the year 1794 against the shameful partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria that a most gallant defence was made against a Russian army; it was Warsaw which, made a Grand Duchy by Napoleon, sent an army of nearly 80,000 men to fight with the French against the common enemy—Russia; it was here, after the Congress of Vienna in 1815 had torn up the last shred of Polish independence, when the greater part of Poland was placed under Russian tyranny, that, in 1830, the rising against Russian rule commenced, and again after that had failed, in 1863; and after that failure also it was in Warsaw that the spirit of freedom was maintained and the struggle for the right of the Polish language was pursued until, in 1918, there came independence at last for Poland.

IN THE HEART OF THE OLD QUARTER: The picturesque market place

THE CITY ON THE VISTULA: A view of Warsaw from the river

Warsaw's glorious past is strongly reflected in its architecture. The central point in its life is still the royal castle, built in the fourteenth century by the Dukes of Mazovia, the founders of Warsaw, enlarged by Sigismund III at the end of the seventeenth, and arranged in its present aspect in the late eighteenth century. For long the residence of the kings of Poland, President Pilsudski lives there now. Four main thoroughfares radiate from the castle, and one of these is the Krakowskie Przedmiescie, the finest street in Warsaw, which runs southward, and is continued by the Nowy Swiat and the Ujazdowska Aleja Avenue, and many of Warsaw's finest buildings are to be found in and near to these thoroughfares—the Church of St. Anne, dating from 1454, the former Saxon palace; the Church of the Holy Ghost, which contains the heart and monument of Chopin; the Lutheran Church; the University; the monument to Poland's national poet, Adam Mickiewicz; and the palaces of the Zamoyski, now the Conservatoire of Music. The "atmosphere" of old Warsaw is best found in the Market Place, built round on all four sides with picturesque stone houses of the past, and close to which are many of the quaint narrow streets in which once lived Warsaw's burghers, the Cathedral of St. John, most ancient church of Warsaw, and the Jewish quarter.

There are many other buildings of interest: the Town Hall, the Bank of Poland, the old Mint, the Grand Theatre, the Krasinski Palace, and the Church of the Transfiguration, a thank-offering by the great John Sobieski for his victory of 1683 over the Turks, and which contains his heart, and that of King Stanislas Poniatowski. The gem of Warsaw's

THE LAZIENKI PALACE: Once the residence of King Stanislas Poniatowski of Poland

architecture is to be found in the beautiful Lazienki Park, the approach to which, along the tree-lined Ujazdowska Aleja Avenue, with its cafés and places of amusement reminds one of the Champs Élysées in Paris for here is the Lazienki Palace of the late eighteenth century style, a little masterpiece of architecture, painting, and sculpture, and once the favourite residence of King Poniatowski, to whom, for his artistic achievements Warsaw owes so much.

Warsaw has several other parks and gardens, among them the new Paderewski Park, the Saxon Garden, and the Krasinski Garden, and to bear witness to its great cultural development, there are the National Museum, an enormous building, modernistic in style, and just nearing completion, the Ethnographic Museum, the Museum of Artistic Industry, the Arts Museum, two permanent exhibitions of contemporary art, the National Library, which contains many rare specimens of literature and priceless first editions of foreign as well as of Polish books, and several other libraries, including the collections, open to the public, of the Counts Zamoyski, Krasinski, and Przezdziecki. The city is graced, too, with many monuments, three by Thorwaldsen.

The cultural and economic development of Warsaw since Poland's emancipation has been very marked. The city has grown from a population of 900,000 to 1,200,000, and accordingly a broad ring of residential districts of the garden-city type has arisen around Warsaw, of detached houses and flats, built in modernistic style, whilst splendid public buildings have been erected—the Diet House, several ministries, post and telegraph offices, banks, schools, and various institutions. There has been great progress in dramatic art, so much so that the performances on the Warsaw stage form one of the greatest attractions to foreign visitors to the city, and the general impression one obtains of Warsaw and its people is that intellectually and materially rapid strides forward are being made.

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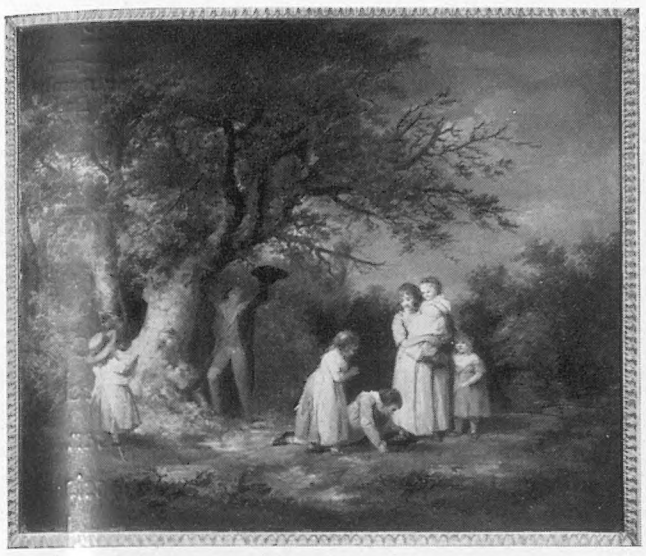

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MAINTAINERS OF LAW AND ORDER

(*Continued from p. 242*)

immediately turned over to the Sûreté by the Republican Guard, and the local agents de la Sûreté take complete control of the investigations.

In times of civil trouble, such as the present, when street rioting on a dangerous scale takes place, the Ministry of War handles the forces of law and order, and the uniformed men, both of the Garde Républicaine and police municipale, come under the Minister.

Their character then undergoes a change and they function rather as troops than civil police. G. G.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of the Society are very gratified at having received notification from the Admiralty that the first prize in the Examination for advanced Navy Boys has been won by an *Arethusa* boy. This is the eleventh time in succession that an *Arethusa* boy has won the first prize. Funds are greatly needed to carry on this National work, and will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

RUSSIAN ARITHMETIC

A correspondent sends us the following remarkable statements describing the Russian method of making mathematical calculations, which are nothing short of extraordinary. The example he gives presupposes a Russian buying 29 cows for £35 each. On the face of it, this seems a difficult thing to suppose at the present time, but the case does not affect the method he details. We give his communication in his own words:—

"The examples shown to me were so strange and so amazing that I singled out a friend who had spent thirty years in Russia and asked him for an explanation. He explained that *no Russian*—educated or not—*is either able to multiply or to divide except by the figure 2*. On my appearing incredulous, he proceeded to illustrate how they do their sums. Suppose for instance someone buys 29 cows for £35 each.

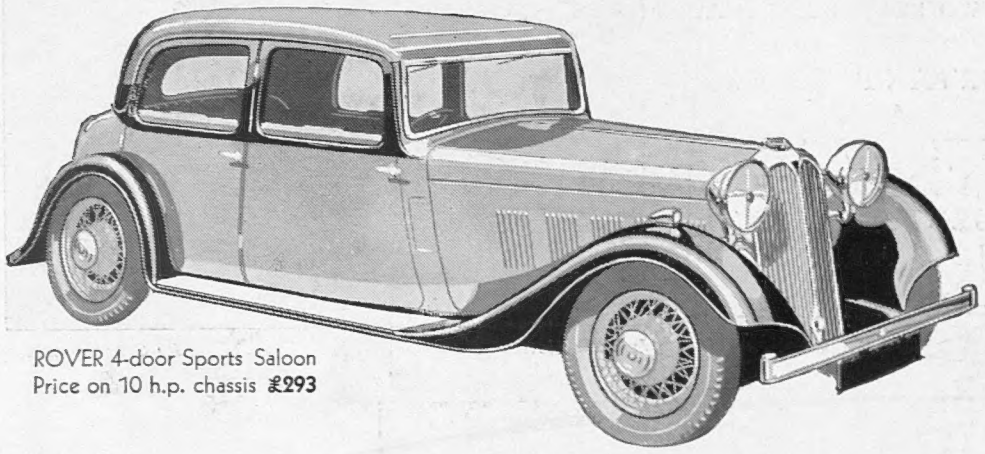
"The Russian arrives at the total cost in the following peculiar, almost uncanny way:—He uses two columns. In the first he *divides* continually by 2 until he reaches the lowest common denominator 1. In the second column he *multiplies* successively by 2 opposite each set of figures in column 1. Then, reading down the first column, wherever he finds an even number he strikes out the figures in the same line of column 2. This completed *he adds up the remaining figures in column 2 and gets the correct answer!* By the bye, the Russian (my friend says) does not understand fractions *so he just ignores them!*

"Let us follow the Russian method in detail:—

£35 multiplied by 29

	35			29
divide by 2	17		multiply by 2	58
,,	8		,,	—116
,,	4	even	,,	—232
,,	2		,,	—464
,,	1		,,	928
				£1,015

"Can you beat this? Try it out yourselves—pounds, shillings, and pence if you want. Select any numbers you like—*there is no catch in it*—you will find the system absolutely infallible."



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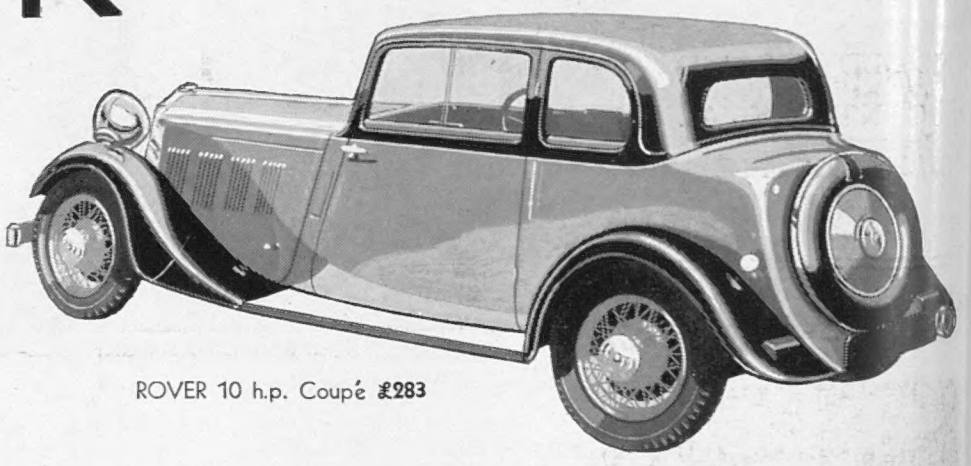

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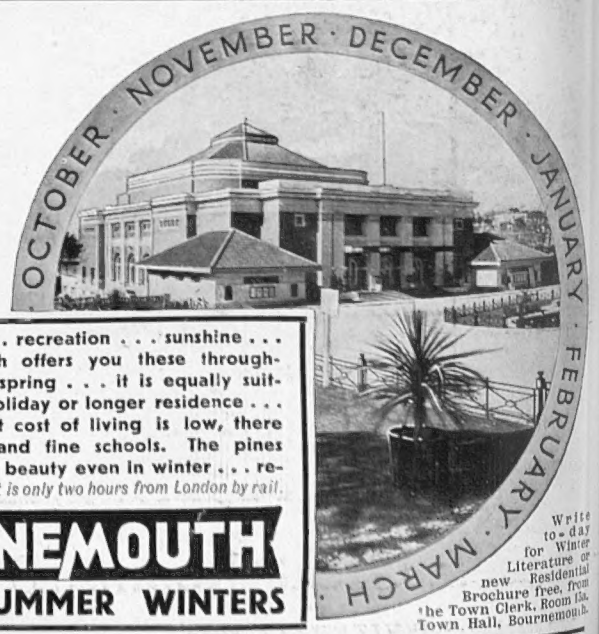

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